

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 236.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 4, 1879—Six Pages.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertising Contracts made by the "Sentinel" are conditioned upon this paper having a larger circulation than all the other English Dailies of the city combined.

HALF-CENT COLUMN.

Advertisements in this column, such as WANTED, LOST, FOUND, FOR SALE, TO RENT, TO EXCHANGE, etc., will be printed at one-half cent per word, per line, for the first insertion. Subsequent insertions at the rate of one-fourth cent per word, per line. The "Sentinel" has the largest circulation of any paper in this city, and its columns are the most valuable for the purpose of placing the public in the knowledge of the most reliable and trustworthy sources of information.

FOR EXCHANGE.

FOR EXCHANGE—Improved farm of 200 acres in Eastern Kansas—50 acres in cultivation, two frame houses, orchard, bearing trees, well, fences and other improvements. Will exchange for city or farm property. ISAAC DUNN, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—After October 15th furnished rooms to rent, north-west corner Jefferson and Clinton streets. For particulars inquire at 122 East Berry.

FOR RENT—By the day or week—The Academy of Music. Apply at the SENSITIVE OFFICE.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A very productive farm in this county, 80 acres improved, 40 acres in cultivation, two frame houses, orchard, bearing trees, well, fences and other improvements. Will exchange for city or farm property. ISAAC DUNN, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR SALE—House and full lot, six good rooms, stable, well and other improvements. Cost \$2,000, will take \$1,000 on time. WM. T. TONS, 26 Court street.

FOR SALE—A fine residence property on Cherry street (west end), just completed, cost \$2,000, will take \$1,000 on time. WM. T. TONS, 26 Court street.

FOR SALE—Full lot and two houses, all in brick, one five rooms, one four rooms. Price only \$1,100. WM. T. TONS, 26 Court street.

FOR SALE—House and lot on East Washington street, west of Hanna. Price only \$1,000. ISAAC DUNN, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR SALE—A splendid property on McClintock street, near Lewis, worth \$2,000, will take \$1,000 on time. WM. T. TONS, 26 Court street.

FOR SALE—An established business of four years, capital \$200, for sale. Address JAMES D. SEXTON, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Brackenridge street, 7 rooms, price \$3,000, on easy terms. Price only \$1,000 on time. ISAAC DUNN, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR SALE—Corner lot on West Perry street, price only \$800, worth \$1,500. WM. T. TONS, 26 Court street.

FOR SALE—Old papers in packages of 10, 50 and 100 at the SENSITIVE OFFICE.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Stock of groceries and provisions. Business well established in this city. Will exchange for city or farm property. ISAAC DUNN, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Stock of dry goods "cheap and clean"—involving \$10,000. Will exchange for real estate or city property. ISAAC DUNN, 62 Calhoun street.

G. L. BITTINGER.

REAL ESTATE, BARGAINS AND DISCOUNTS.

Two brick houses—charming residences with all the modern conveniences and prices, located in different parts of the city, for sale at low figures.

Splendid residence property for trade for farm.

Earns for city property.

Eighty acres, horse, harness and buggy for sale.

Two carriages (one family) and ready cash for small residence property.

Lot on West Perry street, worth \$2,000, for sale at half price.

Most desirable building spot.

Yard lot near Washington and Pittsburgh streets, on interest payments for three years, and seven years for payment of principal. This is a rare chance.

A choice of a little house, \$1,000, rents for \$12 per month, a growing balance monthly payments.

Home for rent on Fairfield avenue.

House to rent in South Wayne, \$8 per month.

MONEY TO LOAN.

A lovely lot, high and stately, adjoining Geo. McDowell's. Will be sold, if there's a buyer, at half price.

Money to loan.

WANTED—(Continued.)

WANTED—To rent a house containing five or six rooms in an agreeable locality. Possession wanted in ten days. Address, M. Q., this office.

WANTED—Situation in families to do dressmaking or plain sewing. Enquire at No. 141 Erie street.

WANTED—Four men to shave hoofs, immediately. Address or call on W. DUNN, Huntestown.

WANTED—Two good girls to work at 73 West Main street. Mrs. LONG, 10, 23.

WANTED—Boarders at 89 West Jefferson street.

Second Edition.

4 O'CLOCK.

CRIME AND CASUALTY.

Prof. Wise's Son Believes the Missing Balloonists Are Safe.

Frightful Disaster in a Mine at Bodie, Cal.

A Shaft Gives Way, Killing One Man and Injuring Eight Others.

All the Wounded Men Dying—Scenes of Woe and Distress.

Another Horror.

San Francisco, Oct. 4.—A Bodie dispatch says:

At 6 o'clock a shaft was being lowered into the Tiago mine with nine men on board. The engine escaped control of the engineer and went down to the 500-foot level.

One man is now dead and all are injured in such a manner as to warrant the belief that they will not recover.

LATER.

The men wounded by the accident:

John Cassidy, both legs broken.

Pat Bannon, dying, being mashed to pieces.

Sam Marston, both legs broken, dying.

French, both legs broken.

Manuel Alvares, injured internally.

Harvey Richards, killed.

Joe Rodriguez, injured seriously.

Pete Pluff, one leg broken.

It is the opinion of the physician in charge that all the injured will die.

The miners' union hall is a place of mourning again, and bears a resemblance to the time of the Standard explosion.

THE BALLOONISTS.

Philadelphia, Oct. 4.—Prof. Charles E. Wise, son of the aeronaut John Wise, believes that no accident has happened his father and Mr. Burr, basing his opinion on his knowledge of the country and an experience of 30 years in ballooning. He believes they descended during the night, and may still be found in the vicinity of McCoupin, Greene, Scott or Morgan counties, Ills.

FIRE.

Memphis, Oct. 4.—At 4 o'clock this morning, fire destroyed the dwelling and store house, No. 129 Dunlap street, occupied by Leo Lehman.

Among the articles burned were a large quantity of old rags, which had been gathered since the outbreak of the fever. Total loss about \$5,000; insured for \$2,000.

ARRESTED.

Philadelphia, Oct. 4.—A man giving the name of J. Warren of Wilmington, Del., was arrested to-day while attempting to sell a United States bond, altered since stolen from the Manhattan Savings Institution of New York.

RELEASED.

San Francisco, Oct. 4.—A private steamer from Mazatlan to Capt. Steamer Newbern says that Capt. Metzger, arrested on a charge of violating Mexican custom regulations, was released after imprisonment a little over a day.

YELLOW FEVER.

One New Case and Five Deaths Reported at Memphis.

Memphis, Oct. 4.—One new case was reported to the board of health, Mrs. Julia Shelton.

Five deaths occurred, W. P. Hiestand, Nicoletta Jacobs, Lulu Lockwood, Josie Turner and Lucy Anderson—the two last colored.

Robert Johnson, two miles north of the city, and Mrs. Maely, three miles northeast of the city, were stricken with fever.

THAT INJUNCTION.

Chancellor Livingston to-day, at Brownsville, Tenn., refused to grant the injunction prayed for by the state board of health against Sheer's and others.

Wirelings.

Gold to the value of \$7,000,000, shipped from Europe, is due in New York next week.

At Jerome Park to-day Warfield

won the 11 dash. Kingston 2nd and Boardman 3rd; time, 2:13. There were ten starters.

There is no news from Payne, and it is feared that the entire Thorthugh expedition has been annihilated by the Indians.

POLITICAL.

Tammany Scores a Victory in the Election Inspectors Muddle.

The Investigation of Senator Ingalls at Topeka, Kas.

A VICTORY FOR TAMMANY.

New York, Oct. 4.—The supreme court, in extraordinary session, has ordered the state board to appoint a Tammany inspector in each election district.

THE INGALLS ROTTENNESS.

Topeka, Kas., Oct. 4.—The subcommittee examining the charges against Senator Ingalls are pushing the investigation as rapidly as possible. A number of witnesses were examined yesterday, but there were no developments indicating the result.

At the evening session L. P. Hamilton, who was subpoenaed for the memorialists, was discharged without examination. He filed a paper denying the allegations in the memorial and denouncing in strong terms the signers of it.

GRANT'S GADDING.

Ulysses and Party in the Yosemite Valley.

How the General Took in the Sights.

San Francisco, Oct. 4.—The Grant party reached Yosemite the evening of the 2nd inst. On crossing the lower bridge over Merced River a salute of explosions was fired. The population and tourists of the valley turned out to greet them. The hotels were decorated with flags and evergreens, a band brought to the valley for the occasion, playing "Hail to the Chief." Another salute of giant powder cartridges was fired at Union Rock.

After getting rid of the dust of travel the general sanctified about, taking a view of the surroundings, and later held an informal reception. The party visits Glacier Point to-morrow, returns to Clark station Monday, and visits the Mariposa big trees Monday.

CABLEGRAMS.

MORE TROUBLE.

Quebec, Oct. 4.—A renewal of trouble among ship laborers of New Liverpool, is apprehended.

While a party of French Canadians were sitting in front of their boarding house, they were assailed by a volley of stones, followed quickly by a number of pistol shots. The Frenchmen took to the hills and escaped.

FOREIGN NOTES.

The drought continues in Bulgaria and the country is in a fearful state.

The breach between Austria and Russia is widening daily.

The rumors of a republican conspiracy on the Spanish frontier are utterly unfounded.

The son of an evicted tenant has been arrested on suspicion of being engaged in an attack by a party of disguised men near Castlebar on the agents of the Marquis of Sligo.

SPORTING.

Pedestrianism.

San Francisco, Oct. 4.—The score at 9 a. m.:

Rosenbaum, 100; Santos, 100; Wilson, 100; Lewis, 100; Cahoon, 100; Ferguson, 100; Dunn, 100; Curtis, 100; Stewart, 100; Evans, 100; Carmichael, 100; Chenoweth, 100; Green, 100; Allen, 100; Devey, 100; Thompson, 100; Scott, 100; Bradley, 100; Wagner, 100; McMillin, 100; Brooks, 100; Wilson, 100; Meany, 100; Harrison, 100.

Have, Oct. 4.—Arrived, steamship Service, from New York.

THE COURTS.

JUSTICES.

Joe Stark pleaded guilty to provoke on Samuel Kane and was fined \$1; rice cream \$1.

Henry Wiebeck, for provoke on Mary Klingbe, is now on trial.

BEFORE PHATT.

The cases of the State vs. Chas. Bailey and Dennis Kerns for provoke on Chas. Young were continued until Monday.

BEFORE RYAN.

Joe Stark was taken before Ryan on the same charge as that by Zollinger and the case was dismissed.

The last heard from Sergt. H. B. Reiter, son of George Reiter, of this city, he was en route from Fort Steel after the Utes, in Col. Merritt's command. Henry has the reputation of being one of the best non-commissioned officers in the regular army, and his promotion is only a question of time.

F. J. Wendell, of the Gazette, and John Rodabaugh were at Distance last night, in attendance upon a crystal wedding.

HASKELL ON TRIAL.

The Reformed Clown in the Criminal Court.

Testimony of Lizzie Miller the "Good Looking Dutch Girl."

The Muss Which is Stirring up Monroeville.

The trial of "Bro." Haskell for assault and battery began in the criminal court yesterday afternoon. Considerable time was spent in empanelling a jury, after which Lizzie O. Miller, the prosecuting witness was put on the stand. She testified substantially as follows:

That on the 3rd or 4th of September she heard Haskell speak in the M. E. Church at Monroeville; that he there referred to her as the dead drunkard's child, and that any woman who stood behind a bar or sold liquor was a she devil, and all respectable persons should be ashamed to speak to her or associate with her or even look at her. He also said that she was the ruin of many a young man. After he got through she stepped into the aisle and asked permission to speak. He nodded his head and said a rumrunner was there who wanted to speak. She then spoke and said that her father was dead and she was running the saloon to support her stepmother and a crippled brother. Haskell interrupted her, and offered a prayer for her, after which she again got up to finish her remarks, and said that she had papers to prove that he was a swindler and a fraud, and had been egged on by Warsaw. Haskell said that she had broken up one family, and she said that if he said that he was a liar. He then wanted to know who was running that meeting, a rumrunner or himself, a hog or himself.

A vote was taken, and the audience voted that he was running it, whereupon he said he would put her out. He went down into the aisle and seized her and shoved her out of the house, twisting her arm very much in so doing. She showed the bruises on her arm to Hensch, Covendale and others the next day.

James Pool testified in corroboration of the greater part of Miss Miller's testimony, and said he saw Haskell jerk her out of the seat.

David Alliger swore to substantially the same state of facts, saying that Haskell said her father kept a saloon before he was in a drunkard's hell.

A number of other witnesses testified in corroboration.

Haskell was then put on the stand. He denied any violence, but acknowledged taking hold of Miss Miller.

Haskell was corroborated by other witnesses, and the case went to the jury this afternoon; opinion is divided on what the verdict will be. The general opinion, however, is that the jury will hang.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT.

A Little Child Killed at the South Depot this Afternoon.

Circumstances of a Very Sad Case.

A sad and in all probability fatal accident occurred at the south depot this afternoon on the arrival of No. 1 on the Pittsburgh.

The twelve-month-old child of Daniel Haedger, a Swedish emigrant bound for LaCrosse, Wis., climbed up on the seat to the window, and, losing its balance, fell out upon the platform below, a distance of seven feet, striking on its head with a sickening thud. The child cried for a few moments and then straightening itself out, went into convulsions.

The grief of the young father and mother while holding the insensible body of the child in their arms was pitiful to see. A kind-hearted employee of the railroad company, whose name could not be learned, escorted them to the office of Dr. Young, but he being sick they were taken to Schroeder's drugstore, and Dr. Stemen called in. He examined the child and found it suffering from a very serious concussion of the brain, but whether or not there was a fracture of the skull could not be determined owing to the intense swelling which had already taken place.

Dr. Stemen was called away on other business, and could not stay, but gave an order for admittance into the St. Joseph Hospital.

A hack was procured and the unhappy family conveyed to that institution, stopping for Dr. Gobrecht on the way. At last accounts the child was still unconscious, and from the appearance of its eyes it is almost certain that death will ensue. The parents are without funds but will undoubtedly be well taken care of, as their case is one which demands sympathy and pity.

A special to the Chicago Times says that one Frank Gibson, of Fort Wayne, was seriously injured at Goshen, on Thursday, by a runaway horse. It was not Frank Gibson of Huestis & Hamilton's, and diligent inquiry fails to reveal his identity.

LATE CITY NEWS.

BREVITIES.

Dr. Young is seriously ill.

J. T. and O. S. Hanna leave for Lafayette, to-day.

Gene Sullivan, of 20 Chicago street, wants to see S. M. Patterson.

Dick Rossington, of the Central Hotel of Bluffton, is in the city.

"Peg" Miller, a young tyro, has pulled up stakes and gone to Denver.

Wm. Hatfield, of this city, has patented an improvement in clamps for saw tables.

R. Sulley, a former well-known citizen of this place, died a few days ago near Hamilton, Kan.

Joe Friend, of Murray's shops, has been promoted from a fireman to the management of a planer head.

One of Angell & Barnett's omnibuses collided with a wagon on Calhoun street to-day, in which collision the latter got the worst of it, being upset.

Constable Graham last evening attached the overcoat and valise of Gus Rummel at the Wabash 8.30 train, on a claim held by Peter Kalten.

Last evening Michael Danehy was the recipient of a surprise party arranged by his wife, Miss Maggie McGrath and James Danehy. The affair passed off pleasantly.

Constable Manuel to-day arrested a boy named Henry Hugenburger on a warrant for provoke. He caught him on the roof of the house at the corner of Hanna and Hough streets.

Wabash Courier: The Messrs. Gabel, court house contractors, and Mr. Bass of the Fort Wayne Iron Works compromised their differences this week, the latter cutting down his bill to the tune of \$1,200. This left him a balance of about \$5,000, which was paid by Treasurer Caldwell last Wednesday.

Murray's shops are booming, and the indications from the present busy outlook are that Mr. M. will not be able to move for some time to come. He is at present constructing the largest purifier he ever manufactured for the Kansas City gas works, and also a centre valve, sixteen-inch seals, being almost double the size of any he ever turned out. Besides he is making a very large boiler for elevator No. 4 of Toledo, and has contracts on hand for five other gas works besides those already mentioned.

RELIGIOUS.

The Third Street M. E. Church's net receipts at the fair were \$124.22.

Rev. A. Marine will conduct quarterly meeting at Huntington to-morrow.

Rev. M. Crosey returned from Cincinnati, this morning. He will occupy his pulpit to-morrow, both morning and evening.

Dr. Stone will preach to-morrow morning on "Being with Christ Forever," and in the evening on "Being for Christ Always and Everywhere."

The Church of the Good Shepherd Sunday school will be reopened to-morrow afternoon at half-past 3 o'clock, when it is requested that all teachers and scholars will be present.

Rev. J. M. Woolpert will preach from Isaiah xlv. 22, at 10.30 a. m., and in the evening a temperance meeting will be held. The audience will be addressed by Prof. Mathews and others.

Services to-morrow morning and evening as usual at the Berry Street M. E. Church. Subject for morning discourse, "Empty pews, and how to fill them." Same subject continued for evening discourse. All are welcome.

To-morrow morning Rev. Schaaf, of Mansfield, O., will preach at the German Reformed (Salem) Church, and in the evening Rev. G. T. Bachar, of Wooster, O., president of the home board of missions, will deliver a lecture in English, to which all are cordially invited.

THE RAILROADS.

Sam Sweet has a picture gallery in his office.

There were three cars of emigrants on No. 1 to-day.

Wash. Carpenter is out again, but he wears green spectacles.

Engine 158, on the Pittsburgh, pulled No. 1 out to-day with nine cars. She did it easy.

A good many car loads of stone for ballast pass through this city every day on the Pittsburgh.

A car of horses from Jackson, Mich., and left for the St. Louis fair via the Wabash to-day.

Freights on the Wabash are opening up heavier than last month, and that was the heaviest month in its existence.

Wabash engine No. 38 is looming up alongside of 42. She brought in thirty-eight loaded cars from Lafayette yesterday.

JOHN'S JAUNT.

Why One of the Wabash Boys Was in a Hurry.

Sad Accident to a Grand Street Belle.

John McCoy, a gay and festive young man, employed as helper in the Wabash blacksmith shop, is not here any more.

He has moved. He moved last night. He left suddenly; in fact he didn't call around and bid his friends goodbye, or give a farewell supper, or anything of the kind. He simply left. The reason he was in such a confounded big hurry—so rumor says—was because a dashing and good looking Grand street belle, of sweet seventeen, wanted to see him badly. John didn't want to see her; in fact, he'd seen her before. Very much so. Exactly. So he left. He was to see her to-morrow night and settle the matter up, but owing to absence from the city he will be unable to keep his engagement. In a word, it's the same old story. It was a case of loving not wisely, and coming events cast their shadows before. Hence this haste on John's part. As was stated before, he left.

WISE & CO.

The Balloonists Still Missing. T. C. Air Ship a New One—Theories As to the Affair.

James F. Downey, son-in-law of Prof. Wise, publishes a card denying that the balloon was old, unsound or rotten, and stating that the Pathfinder was an entire new balloon, having never been used before, and was one of the best ever made. Mr. Downey advanced no theory as to what has become of the voyagers, but says that if they were lost, it was not because the balloon was old or rotten, or the netting weak, or because there was not enough gas in the globe.

A correspondent of the Globe-Democrat at Bunker's Hill, thirty-two miles northeast of St. Louis, writes that he saw Wise's balloon pass there about 6.30 Sunday evening. From this point the balloon took a course almost directly north, and was seen later in the evening about ten miles away, between Bunker Hill and Carlinville. There is a very wild tale in circulation, that a party of twenty miles in extent, known as McCoupin Creek, heavily timbered and almost uninhabited. There appears to be a bare possibility that the balloon descended in this dense wilderness, and that the aeronauts may have been so badly injured that they have not been able to get out of it. An expedition to explore this wild section of country may be organized.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

Quotations of the Principal Shares and Stocks on Wall Street.

Condition of the Leading Grain and Produce Markets.

Financial and Commercial Reports up to 2 P. M. To-day.

New York Money and Stock Market.

MONEY—At 100 percent.

STOCKS—EXCHANGE—Steady at \$1.00.

SILVER—Bar silver here, 110 1/2; substandard silver coin, 100 percent discount.

GOVERNMENT—Steady.

RAILROAD BONDS—Steady.

STATE SECURITIES—Dull.

STOCKS—Firm.

Western Union, 43; A. T. & T. H. 40; Adams Express, 40; C. & A. 40; W. & A. 40; U. S. 40; N. Y. Central, 40; Erie, 40; Del. & Md., 40; D. & M. 40; Lake Shore, 40; Illinois Central, 40; Cleveland, 40; Northwestern, 40; N. W. 40; N. Y. & N. E. 40; N. J. Central, 40; Rock Island, 40; St. Paul, 40; St. P. & N. W. 40; Wash. & Annapolis, 40; Fort Wayne, 40.

BANK

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains at Fort Wayne.

SOUTH DEPOT.

Wabash Railway.

(Trains run by Chicago Time.)

Express..... 2 30am 4 45am

Fast line..... 1 15pm 4 40pm

Atlantic express..... 7 30pm 7 40pm

H. St. Louis..... 8 30pm 8 40pm

*Daily. All others daily except Sunday.

Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad.

(Trains run by Columbus Time.)

Mail..... 1 50pm 2 00pm

Express..... 1 50pm 2 00pm

Mixed..... 1 50pm 2 00pm

All trains daily except Sunday.

Cincinnati, Richmond & Ft. Wayne R. R.

(Trains run by Columbus Time.)

Express..... 2 30pm 1 50pm

Mail..... 2 30pm 1 50pm

Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago R. R.

(Trains run by Columbus Time.)

Mail..... 1 45pm 2 00pm

Express..... 1 45pm 2 00pm

Atlantic express..... 1 45pm 2 00pm

Lima accommodation..... 10 40am 5 00pm

Westward..... 12 50am 1 00pm

Mail and express..... 12 50am 1 00pm

Chicago express..... 12 50am 1 00pm

Pacific express..... 12 50am 1 00pm

Ft. Wayne, Macon and Cincinnati R. R.

(Trains run by Columbus Time.)

Indianapolis express..... 10 30am 4 00pm

Cincinnati mail..... 5 15pm 10 40am

Accommodation..... 5 15pm 10 40am

All trains daily except Sunday.

NORTH DEPOT.

Ft. Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw R. R.

(Trains run by Chicago Time.)

Mail..... 10 20am 11 40am

Express..... 10 20am 11 40am

Accommodation..... 10 20am 11 40am

Ft. Wayne, Macon and Cincinnati R. R.

(Trains run by Columbus Time.)

Indianapolis express..... 10 30am 4 00pm

Cincinnati mail..... 5 15pm 10 40am

Accommodation..... 5 15pm 10 40am

All trains daily except Sunday.

Daily Sentinel.

W. R. NELSON, S. E. MORSE,

PUBLISHERS.

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No. 107 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

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Daily, 50¢ a month; Weekly, 1 year, \$1.00

Single copies, 2 cents; Weekly, 5 cents.

SIX PAGES.

THE "SENTINEL"

Has the Largest Bona Fide

Circulation of Any Daily Paper

in the State, outside of Indian-

apolis, and larger than all the

other English Dailies in the

city combined. Advertisers

and Others are Invited to Call

at this Office and Verify this

Assertion.

THE Gazette, this morning, claims

the largest circulation. THE SENTI-

NEL will wager \$250 that its cir-

culation is more than double that of

the Gazette, or of any other paper

in the city. We will leave the mat-

ter to a committee of three, one to

be chosen by the Gazette, one by

the SENTINEL and they to select a

third. This committee is to have

free access to the subscription books,

press room and every other avenue

of information. If the Gazette re-

fuses to accept this proposition, it

will acknowledge its claim to be

the largest circulation to be a barefaced

falschod.

SENATOR THURMAN, who is proverb-

ially cautious, says there is no doubt

that the democrats of Ohio will elect

EWING and secure the legislature.

Two weeks ago he says the result was

in doubt; but not so now.

THE terrible accident at Adrian is

ascribed to the carelessness or incom-

petence of the architect. It is to be

regretted that there is not a law by

which such criminal trifling with

human life can be punished as it

deserves to be.

WHILE Gen. SHERMAN was around

junketing with HAYES, Maj.

THORNBURG and his brave soldiers

were being butchered by savages. The

country has too many high priced,

fancy officers. If SHERMAN and

SHERIDAN would attend to business,

the country might be spared such dis-

asters.

THE country has been shocked by

the recent butchery of Maj. THORNBURG

and his brave soldiers by the Indians.

As usual, however, the country

finds upon investigation, that this

fearful sacrifice of human life is to

be ascribed to the dishonesty of the

whites. The treaty with the Indians

was flagrantly violated, and they were

literally starved into desperation. Will

the time never come when the United

States government will treat the sav-

ages of the plains with common de-

cency and fairness?

WHY the democratic papers in In-

diana and elsewhere, should bitterly

denounce TILDEN, we cannot under-

stand. Mr. TILDEN may not be the

right man to nominate for the presi-

dency next year; but for all that, he

deserves well of the democracy. His

career as a statesman is worthy of

admiration. His administration as

governor of New York, was able, honest and brilliant. Let the friends of HENDRICKS, BAYARD, THURMAN and other presidential aspirants urge those gentlemen's claims with all the force they can command. Let them, if they desire, point out reasons why Mr. TILDEN should not be nominated. But the scurrilous abuse and defamation of that eminent man should be left to the republicans, who seem to enjoy it. Whether we of Indiana want him or not, he may be nominated; and crow is not a pleasant diet.

STATE POLITICS.

The Warsaw National Union devotes a large share of its editorial columns this week to raising the hair of the Okolona States.

The Bluffton Banner thinks that the Butler movement is gaining ground fast enough to land old Ben. on the chair this time.

The Ligonier Banner this week gives the St. Louis Times-Journal a turning over, and thinks Hendricks should be delivered from his friends.

The Auburn Courier claims to be the "red hottest" Hendricks paper in the state, and condemns the Indiana papers which are too "timid" to talk out for Hendricks.

The Columbia City Post is not very favorably inclined toward Tilden; in fact, it says such a nomination would be idiotic under all circumstances. Hendricks is the preference of the Post.

PERSONAL.

Tyner's safe.

Where's Wise?

Conkling's sick.

Grant is still in California.

Grant has become a teetotaler.

Redpath's friends believe he is in Europe.

Senator McDonald is shortly to be married.

De Lesseps will shortly come to America.

Ingersoll will probably not lecture this season.

Talmage will shortly take the lecture field again.

W. F. Storey, of the Chicago Times, is erecting a \$100,000 residence.

Vanderbilt is erecting in New York the finest residence in the country.

Rev. Robert Collyer preached his first sermon in New York last Sunday.

The expenses of Wise's balloon voyage were borne by Mabley, a St. Louis clothier.

Gov. Sprague has decided not to recognize Mrs. Sprague's trustee, and further litigation is probable.

VicWoodhull is sending lithographs to the press, in which she announces herself as an independent candidate for the presidency.

Three of the leading journalists of New York—Bennett, of the Herald, Hurlbut, of the World, and Ried, of the Tribune—are bachelors.

The truly good Deacon Richard Smith is in trouble. In the Cincinnati Gazette he quoted Daniel Webster to the effect that "when women take hold of the stones, the column begins to rise." The Enquirer calls the attention of Anthony Comstock to the Gazette, and the Commercial is sure the devil has broken out in the Gazette office.

POLITICAL.

The Berks county (Pa.) democrats have adopted a resolution denouncing John Kelly, sending greeting to Robinson and endorsing Tilden for the presidency.

Tilden, in an interview, denies that he has made any statement denouncing southern democrats and adds: "I can say that I have not taken any steps to secure a renomination by the democratic party for the presidency. I can also say that I can't contemplate taking any such measures to secure such nomination, or rejecting it before it is offered. I am credited with having an agent in every voting precinct throughout the United States, and with many more equally absurd devices to secure that which I do not seek."

NEWS NOTES.

The joint executive committee of the trunk railroad lines have voted in favor of an advance in east bound rates to a basis of 35 cents for grain, 40 cents for fourth class, and 50 cents for live hogs, from Chicago to New York, to take effect October 13th.

The comptroller of the currency reports the whole amount of additional national bank circulation issued since the publication of his annual report, November, 1878, \$11,833,325.

The amount in circulation issued in the months of November and December, 1878, and in January, May, June, July and August, 1879, was considerably less than one million dollars for each month. The amount issued in February was \$1,168,401; March, \$1,081,026; April, \$2,018,634.

The amount issued in September, 1879, was \$2,470,983, which was more than twice the amount during the four months preceding. The average amount of additional circulation issued during the past eleven months has been at the rate of a little more than one million dollars per month.

FOREIGN FLASHES.

Cettywayo is in the castle at Cape Town.

Specie in the Bank of France decreased 19,750,000 francs in the past week.

Several English merchant vessels which endeavored to reach Eastern Siberia by the new route have failed,

their passage being prevented by heavy ice-fields.

Di ances are threatened at the great land meeting announced to be held at Cork on Sunday next.

The weekly statement of the Imperial Bank of Germany shows a decrease of 25,462,000 marks in specie.

Wilhelm, son of Prince Bismarck, becomes secretary to Field-Marshal Manteuffel, governor of Alsace and Lorraine.

By order of the governor of Kars all the Armenian parish schools existing under the Turkish government, have been closed.

Scientific evidence shows that the exceedingly high death rate in Dublin, is caused by diseases produced by defective drainage.

The disturbance in East Roumelia is becoming a guerrilla war. There is a gang of 600 well-armed discharged soldiers in the mountainous district of the west.

The townspeople of Cabul asked three Kohistan regiments if they would fight the English. They replied that "they would meet the English if they went to Kohistan."

A letter on Egypt's African empire says Gordon Pasha distrusts his native subordinates, and is almost without European assistance. The letter further states that should he resign everything would fall to pieces.

Discontent is general in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The population is unanimous in its dislike of Austrian rule. Reinforcements have been ordered to suppress the insurrection which is spreading in Herzegovina.

Capt. Robert Charles Clipperton, the present British consul at Nautis, has been appointed British consul for Great Britain in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, to reside in Philadelphia.

Communication with the British troops in Afghanistan has been cut off on both sides of Shugartar pass. Reinforcements are being sent up the Kuram valley. It is believed that the Afghans will make their stand on this side of Cabul. The ameer is anxious to return to Cabul. The general opinion is that he was allowed to leave his engagement to arrest the British advance, and he fears the troops will avenge themselves by attacking his palace.

The tenants' rights and land reform meetings in Ireland are receiving the serious attention of the English government. Extravagant rumors of a contemplated rising of the "Peep o' Day Boys" throughout the country have been received by the authorities. These stories are considered to a large degree sensational, but the government has nevertheless deemed it wise and prudent to multiply police precautions, and be prepared to meet every possible emergency.

M. Waddington expresses himself satisfied with the governmental situation. Neither legitimist banquets, the wild diatribes of extreme journals or idle discussion of the probabilities of a restoration of the monarchy, disturb the serenity of those in authority. Foreign relations are entirely satisfactory. France is now, and will remain, her own mistress; and the suggestion of a military alliance with Russia is strongly disapproved by the French government.

The legitimist agitators are discouraged by the fact that the pope has pre-emptorily declined to participate in, or in any manner countenance their schemes for the restoration of the monarchy.

STATE NEWS.

There is a grand reunion of veterans in progress at Terre Haute.

The ticket office at Edinburg was robbed of \$15 on Wednesday.

The Huntington Herald has just entered its thirty-third year.

Luther Benson says his late sickness was not caused by drink.

The baggio of "Old Bloomer," at Vincennes, was burned Wednesday night.

Robert Parks, of Peru, was thrown out of his wagon and seriously injured on Monday last.

David T. Hunter, of Versailles, dropped dead of heart disease on Wednesday evening.

Shellyville has a \$10,000 assault and battery case on hand. A woman is at the bottom as usual.

Mrs. King, near Jeffersonville, committed suicide on Wednesday by drowning herself in a cistern.

Michael McDonald, a lunatic, of Logansport, attempted to commit suicide on Thursday by hanging himself in the county jail.

On Friday night a streak of lightning knocked the stuffing out of a cow and a peach tree all at one time. This happened near Ligonier.

Walker Jenkins of Madison, his wife and children were mysteriously poisoned on Wednesday. No fatal results have been reported yet.

Nicholas Brown, of New Albany, tried to stop a buzz saw the other day by sticking his head in it. It didn't stop but John did as soon as he could.

John Kern, of New Albany, tried it on. The powder bursted the bag, and John's nose, and his cheek and demoralized him on general principles.

The wife of ex-County Commissioner McMillan, of Tippecanoe county, was hooked by a cow which she was trying to milk, on Wednesday evening her injuries are quite serious.

James Thompson, while drunk, crawled under a train of cars at Logansport Wednesday. The train returned the compliment and crawled over him, and now he is minus one arm.

The mangled body of James Heffernan, conductor on the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railroad was found Friday morning near Wilt Station, west of Terre Haute. It is supposed he fell through between the cars of his train.

The school board and the superintendent of schools at Princeton are at outs respecting the colored scholars. The board wants to send them to the white children but the superin-

tendent says no and there the matter rests.

Dr. Ennis and his brother-in-law, G. W. Reed, of Madison, had an altercation on Thursday evening, which terminated in the double shooting act.

Reed had the ball picked out of his hip as soon as he could and both men being in the hands of friends the matter was ended. Family quarrels led to the shooting.

THE UTES.

No Tidings From Payne's Command—Gen. Crook to Take Command in Person—What Schurz Says—Cause of the Outbreak—Payne Safe.

No tidings have been received from Capt. Payne's command. Lieut. Burke, of Gen. Crook's command, has gone to the front with important orders for Gen. Merritt. Gen. Crook will go forward and assume command of the expedition, and will personally direct the movements of the troops.

A painful silence at the front indicates that the worst may be expected, and grave fears are now entertained for the fate of the command. Troops and supplies are being sent to the front with remarkable rapidity. Gen. Merritt's command is expected to reach the battlefield Monday. The opinion of those acquainted with the hostile Utes is that they are now many miles from the scene of Thornburg's engagement, and that the troops will be obliged to follow the river for some time before they can reach the enemy.

Should this theory prove correct, Gen. Crook will, in all probability, follow the trail of the Ute families south from the agency towards the Blue River, and may succeed in drawing the Utes out into the open country. From the manner in which troops and supplies are being sent forward, Gen. Crook evidently intends to prosecute the campaign to the bitter end. The total number of troops now sent forward about 600.

The southern Utes are most peaceable. The discontented ones are supposed to be with the band that attacked Thornburg. No trouble at the southern agencies is anticipated. There are troops enough to protect the settlements. There were no aggressions on the reservation of the northern Utes by miners.

Secretary Schurz passed through St. Louis Friday night en route to Washington. In an interview he stated that Mr. Meeker, the agent for the Ute reservation, was a strictly honest man, and had given the Indians no cause for complaint. He says:

"I think the trouble arose from the encroachments of miners, and especially miners who were prospecting for gold and silver mines. The Indians saw that they were gradually losing their reservation, and they grew desperate about it. The appearance of the soldiers was the only thing that saved them from already knowing the result."

When questioned as to what he thought of the condition of the Indians generally, he replied:

"I am well pleased. Many of them are making considerable progress in civilization. I was especially gratified at the condition of the Indian agencies and all of the northern agencies. The only place where there is any trouble is at the Ute country."

The New York Tribune's Washington special says that ex-Senator Dorsey has the contract for carrying the mails from White River, Col., to Rawlins, Wyo., the route passing through the Ute country, secured the time ago a sub-contractor, named Perkins, threw up his contract expecting to be able to renew it at a higher price. He was disappointed in this, the contract being awarded to another man. Perkins, however, declined to turn the route over to the new contractor. Finally the postoffice department was obliged to issue an order for postmasters on the route not to turn over the mails to any one except the rightful contractor. It is said that Perkins went over the route, burning the grass for a long distance and killing stock in order to throw every possible obstacle in the way of the new contractor. As a final act of villainy it is said that he instigated the Indians to commit depredations. The trouble now existing in that country is attributed in part to the malevolence of this conduct.

Tyner and party have arrived at Laramie city in safety.

DOUBLE MURDER.

Terrible Crime at Wooster, O.—The Murderers Arrested—Threats of Lynch Law.

At Wooster, O., Thursday afternoon, a drunken dispute arose between a party of roughs and two brothers-in-law named John Torney and Frank Martin, which finally resulted in a general knock-down, in which Torney was struck on the head with a club by an old man aged sixty named McGowan. When down, Torney was stabbed three times in the back by John Callahan and severely beaten. In the meantime, the rest of the party were terribly beating Martin, and when discovered by the officers both were nearly dead, and were driven in a buggy to Dr. Todd's office, followed by the infuriated mob, who threw stones after them, and tried to club another man who refused to take them in his wagon to give the injured men a chase. Upon arriving at Dr. Todd's office Torney died from his injuries, and Martin now lies in a very critical condition, and the attendant physicians are very doubtful of his recovery.

The four roughs known to be implicated were arrested and placed in jail. The old man Anthony McGowan and his son John McGowan, John Callahan and James Cadler.

Yellow Fever Notes.

Eleven cases, six white and five colored, were reported at Memphis Friday. There was one death, Kate O'Connell.

A yellow fever has developed at Dan's Island, four miles north of Memphis, in the Mississippi.

The state board of health meets at Nashville on the 7th inst.

The Howards have 116 nurses who are attending eighty white, twenty colored and one Chinese family. The Howards received \$10,500 Friday.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

Wm. B. Riddle, a prominent business man of Norwich, Conn., has been arrested on a charge of poisoning his wife, who died in May, 1878.

Wm. Gibson, of battery M, 5th artillery, was stabbed and killed at Atlanta, Ga., Thursday, by a man named Joe Bacchus. Bacchus escaped.

J. Chas. Harper, clerk in the Pittsburgh postoffice, aged twenty-two, and highly connected, has been arrested on a charge of rifling the mails of \$3,000 to \$4,000.

F. E. Boynton, receiving teller of the North National Bank of Boston, proves a defaulter to the extent of \$24,000, which he lost in mining speculation. He has not been arrested.

Two carpenters, John Krause, aged thirty-six, and Wm. Clark, aged fifty-two, were drowned near Cleveland, Friday, while attempting to cross the river on a raft. Both men were married and leave large families.

Thomas Devaney, a middle aged man, threw himself over a bluff ninety feet in height above the river bank, at St. Paul, Friday, and was crushed to death by the fall. No cause assigned. It was perhaps an accident.

The governor of Pennsylvania has reprieved Andrew Trancy, who was to have been hanged in McKean county, October 9th, until November 6th, in order to enable his case to be again heard by the board of pardons.

MADCAP VIOLET.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Oh, you think it is a joke," said young Miller, rather nettled. "I don't, anyway. If one of my father's servants did that to me, I can tell you he wouldn't be three minutes in the house. And no servant would do it, mind you, if he hadn't been made careless and cheeky by overfamiliarity. By-the-way, Lady North is an uncommon good one to look after her servants."

"Lady North?" said Drummond, with a stare.

"Yes," said Mr. Miller, with complacency. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, I fancy, how I run across them at a picnic at Twickenham; and the girls are very plain, don't you see, and nobody was attending to them much; and so I became very good friends with them, mother and all."

"Was this another of your deeply laid schemes?" said Drummond, with a smile; thinking of the ingenious way in which the young man had made his own acquaintance.

"No, it was not, upon my honor," said Miller. "I knew they were to be there; and probably I should not have got it if I had not known; but the invitation was sent to me without any asking or arrangement on my part, and Lady North is not a bad sort of woman. I dined with the family and one or two friends the other evening. She is rather cut and dried, you know, and she has remarkably sharp gray eyes—by Jove! I can tell you, the servants won't have much of a fling in that house. The girls very plain—very; the eldest, Anatolia, has taken rather a fancy to me, I believe—oh, you needn't laugh; it is no great compliment, I assure you."

And so he let the garrulous boy run on, not more amused by his ingenious confessions than by the shrewd, keen, practical estimates of men and things he had by hap-hazard formed. If Mr. Drummond had had the honor of Lady North's acquaintance, he would probably have taken a couple of months to form a judgment about her; and that judgment would have been founded on all sorts of speculations with regard to her birth, education, temperament, early life, and present ambitions. Young Miller, on the other hand, had seen her but twice or thrice; he positively knew nothing about her; but he hit on a very shrewd guess as to her ways, and he managed to convey to his friend a pretty clear picture of the short, fat, dignified, stupid, but well-meaning woman, whose excessive literalness, and consequent suspicion—for suspicion is the substitute employed by people who lack imagination and clear perception—had almost driven her step-daughter crazy.

"And what about Vi—about Miss North?" said James Drummond, rather hesitatingly. "When do they expect her home?"

"I don't think the lovely Anatolians anxious for that event, for the chances of her ever getting married won't be improved; but she says her eldest sister, as she invariably calls her, is coming home very soon now. Why, it is nearly two years since she left! I wonder what she will be like."

"What she will be like? That is easily answered. What she will be, that is of more importance," said Drummond, and for a second or two he sat silent. "She will have grown a woman since you saw her."

"But you don't suppose any body changes completely in a couple of years?" exclaimed Miller.

"Oh, no, not completely," said his companion, rather absently. "What will she be like? Well, in appearance very much what she was—a little more brave and self-possessed in manner, probably, as becomes a woman. And doubtless she will be handsomer than ever. But as to what sort of a woman she has become by this time—who can tell?"

"Oh, I don't suppose there can be much difference," said young Miller, impatiently.

His friend smiled good-naturedly. "You boys!" he said. "It is always the one notion you have got into your head. You hope she has remained the same, that you may resume that piece of romanticism that was so cruelly broken off. Isn't that it?"

"Well," said the young man, ingeniously and modestly.

"You think the school-girl is coming back to play at sweet-hearting again? I am afraid you will be disappointed. A girl grows so terribly—in experience, in character, in aims—between seventeen and twenty! Do you know, Miller, that you will have to introduce yourself to a new Miss North?"

"I don't believe it," said the other.

"How can you tell? Because she has written clever letters; and every body is formal in letters; but I don't suppose she talks like that."

"I don't suppose she does," said Drummond, apparently thinking of something very far away from that dinner-table; and so the subject dropped for the moment.

As they were walking along Piccadilly that night, Miller said, "I hear that Sir Acton North is a very rich man."

"I suppose he is," Drummond answered.

"He has got an uncommonly fine collection of pictures; at least so one or two of the people there the other evening were saying. I'm not up to that sort of thing. By Jove! I had his money, I shouldn't spend it on pictures and live in Euston Square. How much do you think he will give his eldest daughter when she marries?"

Drummond burst out laughing.

"What an extraordinary question! Do you think life is long enough to let one speculate on conundrums like that? What possible interest could I have in making guesses as to Violet North's fortune?"

But he suddenly recollected himself. He looked at his companion with a sort of surprised curiosity in his eyes.

"Oh, I see; you—do you expect to have an interest in that question?"

"I say nothing about myself," said the younger man, rather peevishly.

"What harm is there in asking what money a girl is likely to have? Of

course, I expect the girl I shall marry, whoever she may be, to have some money. I shall have some. There is no great mercenary about that, is there? It appears to me reasonable enough. You seem to think that any one on this side of thirty must have his head stuffed full of romance and trash. Well, I don't make any pretense of that kind. I think it is a fair bargain—you bring so much money into the affair, and I don't see why the girl shouldn't also—just as the women of the poorer classes bring a chest of drawers and some blankets. It makes a woman far more independent and free. She can indulge in expensive tastes, and charity, and all that, without feeling that she is drawing too hard on her husband. Now what do you say to that?"

"It is reasonable," said Drummond.

"Yes, I think it is reasonable," said young Miller, rather warmly. "And don't you think a reasonable woman would have the same notions? A school-girl, of course, is all for love and love's sake alone, and moonlight, and rope-ladders. A sensible woman knows the cost of a house in Hyde Park Square and is precious glad to have two incomes instead of one for her family."

"And then, you see, Violet North is coming back a sensible woman, not a school-girl," remarked Mr. Drummond, kindly bringing these various statements to a legitimate conclusion.

"Oh, I didn't quite mean that," said the younger man. "Not at all. I was only saying that when I married, I should not be at all offended if the girl had a little money of her own. I don't suppose I am more mercenary than other people; but I see what the effect is of starting a house and family on the income that was all very well for a bachelor's rooms."

"Quite right; quite right," said Mr. Miller, disliking so much as being dismissed in this fashion when he was trying to engage his newly formed acquaintance in talk. James Drummond scarcely ever agreed with any body; and when he briefly said, "All right," or "Very well; quite true," it was a sure sign that he simply would not take the trouble to enter into the subject. Fortunately, at this moment they had just got to the corner of Half Moon Street; so they separated, and Drummond got into a hansom and made for home.

It was about a fortnight after this evening that young Miller found himself the guest of Mr. Drummond; and the small circle—which now included little Amy Warrenner, who had become almost a young lady—was listening to the disquisitions of a philosopher who shall be nameless. He was laboring to prove—or, rather, he was dogmatically asserting—that the happy man was he who could forget the past and disregard the future, fixing his attention on the occupation of the moment, and taking such joys as came in his way with a light heart. Why think of the long drive home if you are at the theatre? Why think of the next day's awakening and work, if you are spending a pleasant evening? The philosopher in question maintained that this banishment of anticipation was a habit which could be cultivated; and that a wise man would resolve to acquire so invaluable a habit.

"And then," said he, contradicting himself with happy carelessness, "what are the joys of the moment to you? Expectations of them? Put them well on ahead; give yourself up to imagining them; and you will reap the value of them twenty times over before they arrive. We, for example, mean to go up again to the Highlands this autumn."

Here a young lady clapped her hands with joy.

"—and at the present moment the Highlands are a greater delight to me than they will be then. I can defy those rushing butchers' carts, those Indian organ-men, the fear of formal calls, by jumping off into the Highlands, and becoming a savage—a real out-and-out savage, careless of wind and rain and sunlight, and determined to slay all the wild animals I can find in a day's tramping over the heather."

"Have you much game in that place?" asked the practical Mr. Miller.

"Plenty," cried Mrs. Warrenner, with a cruel frankness. "But he never hits anything. I believe we should never have a bird or a hare except for old Peter."

"Libels—mere libels," said the philosopher, returning to his subject. "Now just think of the delight—here in this howling wilderness of London—of taking out your gun, and seeing that it is all well-oiled and polished; of trying on your leggings to take the stiffness out of them; of heating out your old shooting-coat and finding it is a bill telling you at what hour the coach starts for the Moor of Ramoth. Now, this is real delight. I snap my fingers at London. I become a savage."

Just at this moment the maid tapped at the door and brought in a letter. Surely he knew the handwriting?

"You will excuse me," said he, hurriedly breaking open the envelope, "when I tell you—yes, I thought so—Violet North is, by Jove, in London!"

The Highlands were forgotten in a twinkling.

"Oh, uncle, when is she coming over?" cried Miss Amy, with piteous eyes.

"Already back in London?" cried Mrs. Warrenner.

"And where is she living?" cried young Miller.

Mr. Drummond stood out in the middle of the floor, holding the folded letter up in the air.

"Ha ha, my young people, there are secrets here. Who will bid for them? A thousand mines of Golconda the first offer! No advance on that?—why?"

Well, he stopped there—and all the merry-making went out of his face—for some one at the door said, quietly, "May I come in?"

Amy Warrenner was the first to answer; and her answer was a quick, sharp cry of delight as she sprung to the door. Then the door was opened; and a tall young lady walked into the room, with wonder and gladness and shyness on her handsome face.

CHAPTER XI.—HOME.

For a second or two she was smothered in the embraces of the women; then she turned, with a heightened color in her face and a glad look in her eyes, but with a wonderful grace and ease and dignity in her manner, to Mr. Drummond and his guest, Amy Warrenner, herself "laughing maist like to greet," became aware in an instant that, although this was Violet North come back again, she was not quite her own Violet of former days. There was some new and inexplicable quality about her manner—a sort of gracious self-possession that bespoke the development of womanhood.

And yet it was with all a girl's vivacity and eager, impetuous curiosity that she began to pour out questions. She wanted to know all at once what they had been doing, where her school-girl friends were, how Miss Main was getting on; and then she suddenly cried out,

"Oh, you don't know how nice it is to be home again! I could not feel at home in England until I came over here."

"And don't you notice any changes?" Drummond asked.

"Oh yes," she said, looking more particularly at him; "I scarcely understand it all yet. It is like a dream as yet—such a change from what I expected."

"Two years make a difference," said he. "We have not kept stationary any more than you have; and you—why, you have grown a woman."

"Oh, but it was exactly the reverse of that I meant!" she said, anxiously. "You look all so much younger than I expected—except Amy. Why, I used to look on you, Mr. Drummond, as—as a rather an old fellow!" he called out, with a shout of laughter over her embarrassment. "Well, I am old enough, Violet, to warn you not to make people such compliments as these. And so you think we have grown younger?"

"You especially—oh, so much!"

"And I also?" young Miller made bold to ask, though he cast down his eyes.

Now these two had not spoken before. When she came into the room, she had glanced at him with some surprise; then, from time to time, she let her eyes fall on his face with an expression of a half-shy, half-humorous curiosity. Now she mustered up courage to look him straight in the face; and a trifle of color mounted into her cheeks as she answered, in a somewhat low and embarrassed way,

"I am afraid I scarcely can recollect well enough. You know our acquaintance was very short."

So she had not even taken the trouble to remember him!

"I suppose," said he, rather shortly, "you made enough friends out there to pass the time with."

"I forgot none of my friends in England," she said, gently. The reproval was just; he had no right, she plainly intimated, to put himself on a level with these old friends of hers.

By this time the little party had got better shaken together—the first eager curiosity being over—and now Miss Violet began to tell them something of her wonderful adventures and experiences. But the strange thing was that the recital mainly proceeded from the lips of Mr. Drummond. It was by the exercise of a curious, swift, subtle sympathy that he seemed to divine what would be the notions of a girl in this new country; and as she went on, mentioning this circumstance and the other, he took the parable out of her mouth and made himself the interpreter. No one noticed that he did so. It seemed to be Violet North herself talking.

"Precisely," he would say, "I quite see how that half-civilized life must have struck you. Don't you see, you were getting then some notion of how the human race began to fight with untame long before cities were built. You saw them clearing the woods, making roads, building houses, founding small communities. You saw the beginnings of civilization, as it were, and the necessity of mutual helpfulness among the settlers; and the general rough-and-ready education of such a life. Don't you think it must have been a valuable experience to find out how thoroughly new life can be? Here in London, I have no doubt, you got it into your head that the houses and shops must have existed there forever; that the trains to Ludgate Hill and Victoria were a necessary part of the world; that all the elaborate institutions and habits of city life were fixed and unalterable."

"And then it was so interesting, in these places, to find out what sorts of food they had! I got quite learned in crops."

"Ah, yes, precisely. There you saw food at its fountain-head, not in blue packets in a grocer's shop. And of course every man would have a pride in his own fields, and ask you what you thought of his crops, and you would come to see something else in a landscape than the mere colors that an English young lady would see. The cattle—did you begin to learn something of the points of the cattle?"

She had to confess her ignorance in that direction.

"Then the wilder and fiercer cattle, Violet: go on and tell us of buffaloes, and grizzlies, and mustangs—I have loved the world mustang ever since I was a boy. Gracious me! how I used to long for the life of a savage—for prairies, and war-trails, and squaws, and moccasins! Violet, did you ever snare a brace of moccasins when you were wandering about the Rocky Mountains?"

"If I were you," she said, with a sweet sarcasm, I would say, 'moccasins, not moccasins!'"

"This is it she crushes us with her newly found knowledge. But we are willing to learn. Violet, you shall teach us all about assaigins and boumoussins—but those don't belong to America, do they?—and we shall admire the noble assaigins."

"You were talking of the delights of a savage life in the Highlands—just before Miss North came in to surprise us," said Mr. Miller.

"Oh," cried Miss North, suddenly, "why didn't you go to the Highlands last year? I thought you had deter-

mined to go every year, after your first experience the year before last."

"The truth is—," said Mr. Drummond, with some embarrassment.

Young Miller broke in, proud to be able to convey information.

"He won't tell you, Miss North. The fact is, he went and gave his holiday-money to a clergyman's widow to take her family down to the sea-side; and if you ask my opinion it, I think it was much too much of a good thing. I don't see the fun of—"

"Violet, what did you think of New York?" said Drummond, quickly.

The girl laughed: she knew he was not anxious to know her opinion of New York.

"But you are going this year to the Highlands?" she said.

"We hope so."

"I wish I were going with you," the girl said, simply and naturally.

"Why shouldn't you?" said Mr. Miller, boldly.

It was a pretty project that he then and there formed. Miss North would go up to that shooting-box with her friends, and pleasant indeed would be the parties they would have in the evening, when the toils of the day were over. And if a certain young man should happen to be in the neighborhood—by the merest chance, of course—could so hospitable and generous and kindly a fellow as Mr. Drummond be refused to offer him a few days' shooting? Then there would be odd moments now and again for clambering up the hills, in order to sit on the sunlit rocks and listen to the humming of the bees, or for quiet and pensive strolls along the valleys in the cool of the evening, with the mountains rising in the last fire of the sunset, and a white mist gathering about the bed of the distant loch. Mr. Miller looked anxiously for an answer to this proposal.

"Why shouldn't you?" echoed Mr. Drummond. "We will make you welcome enough."

"You are very kind, indeed," she said, with a smile; "but I am under proper government now. Lady North means to try to put up with me as well as she can; and my sisters almost succeeded this morning in making me believe they liked me. So I am to stay on there; and I suppose, in consequence, we shall move westward some day soon. That will be hard on poor papa; for he will shift his house all for nothing."

"Why, Violet?"

"Oh," said the young lady, with her ordinary odd frankness, "Lady North and I are sure to have a fight—quite sure. I think her a mean-spirited, tricky little woman; she thinks that I have a frightfully bad temper: so it will be just as it was before."

"There you are quite wrong," said Mr. Drummond, quietly. "It will not be as it was before, but very different. Do you know what people will say of you now, if you and Lady North don't agree? Why, that you have such a bad temper that you can not live in your father's house."

"Perhaps that is true enough," she said, with great modesty; and Amy Warrenner saw something in her mischievous smile of the Violet of other days.

"And then," continued her Mentor, "formerly, when you had a quarrel, you could live at Miss Main's school. Where would you go now? Not to school again?"

"Ah, well," she said, with a bright look, "don't let us talk of all those unpleasant things now; for I am so glad to get back and be among you again, that I am disposed to be humble and obedient even to my step-mother. And she is really trying to be very kind to me just now. I am to keep the brougham to-night till eleven o'clock, if you don't turn me out before then. And Lady North is coming over to call on you, Mrs. Warrenner; and she wants you all to come to her next 'At Home' on the 30th. I think you have got a card, Mr. Miller?"

"Yes," said he, with some embarrassment. "Do you think your father would object to my going?"

"Oh dear, no," he answered, confidently. "Papa never keeps up old scores; and, as well as I can recollect, you—you—seemed to have pleased him by going to him frankly. How silly we were!" she added, quickly, and with a return of the warm color to her cheeks.

They got away from that subject also, however, and no other reference was made to it. The girl was altogether delighted to be with her old friends again; and the changes she had noticed on her entrance became less prominent now. She submitted, just as she had done in her school-girl days, to be alternately lectured, teased, and laughed at by Mr. Drummond; and she did not mind his continually calling her Violet. She made Mrs. Warrenner promise to bring them all to Lady North's party. She would have Amy come with her for her first drive in the park, where, as her father had consented, she should herself drive Lady North's victoria and pair of ponies.

Mr. Miller got the least share of her attention. These two rarely spoke to each other, and then never without a little embarrassment; but very frequently she had a quiet, curious look at him, apparently trying to discover something. As for him, he simply sat and stared at her—watching her every movement, fascinated by her voice, her smile, the bright, frank look of those darkly lashed eyes. But a great joy was in store for him. For some purpose or other, she took from her pocket a small pencil, but found it was broken.

"Oh, do let me get it mended for you," said he, eagerly. "I know a man who is capital for that."

"Is it worth it?" said she, handing it over.

His reply was to take from his pocket a beautiful little pen and pencil-case, with a knife attached; and this he begged her to accept in exchange, as it was better fitted for a lady than his.

"In exchange," she said, with a smile that was worth to him more than a thousand pencils. "That would be a profitable exchange. This one is gold; mine is aluminium. Thank you, but I could not rob you."

"Well, at all events, you can keep it until I return you this one?"

"Oh yes," she said, "if you will be so kind."

He put that humble little pencil-case—worth about five shillings—in his pocket with as much pride as if it had been made of ivory and diamonds; and he secretly vowed that she should never see it again, even if she lived for a thousand years.

Then, in the old familiar fashion of spending the evening which Violet knew so well, Mary, the maid-servant, came in with the frugal supper; and there was great amusement over her wonder at seeing Miss North.

"How are you, Mary? Are you quite well?" said that young lady, who was a great friend of all maid-servants and folks in humble capacity.

"Oh yes, miss," stammered Mary; "I mean, ma'am—I am pretty well, thank you."

"Now, there is but one question more I have to ask," said Violet, as they all sat round the small white-covered table, "and I am almost afraid to ask it. Have they built over Grove Park yet?"

"Certainly not," was the answer. "And the big cedars are still there, and the rocks' nests?"

"Not a thing altered since you left," said Violet. "Do you know," she said, "when I used to think of the happiest time I ever spent in England, and the most beautiful place I could remember, I always thought of those Christmas holidays I spent with you, and of our walks at night in the snow. Do you remember how we used to go out quite late at night, with the hard snow crackling beneath one's feet, the gas-lamps shining on the trees, and then go away into the park, through the darkness of those cedars near the gate? Then I used to think of the silence we got into—by the side of the meadows: one seemed to be up quite close to the stars, and you could not imagine there was any body living in those two or three houses. And as for London—though it lay almost under our feet—you know, you could see or hear nothing of it—there was nothing all around but the white snow, and the black trees, and the stars. Do you remember all that?"

"But where is it?" said young Miller, looking puzzled. Could she be talking so enthusiastically about some place in Camberwell?

"Over the way," she said, promptly. "Five minutes' walk off."

"And that is the most beautiful place you can remember?" said he. "And you have been to Camberwell?"

"Yes, it is," she said, boldly. "I like Camberwell better than Camberwell, and therefore it is more beautiful. But I was speaking of the snow-time, and the stars, and the quiet of the frosty nights. Perhaps you have never been into Grove Park. If you walk round that way now—"

"I propose we do," said Mr. Drummond, "as soon as we finish supper. I am anxious to discover what it is in the place that makes it the rival of Camberwell."

"Don't you remember?" she said, with great disappointment visible in her face.

"I remember the wonderful starlit nights and the snow, certainly," said he.

"Very well," said she, "weren't they worth remembering? As to Camberwell, well, as to Camberwell—what can one remember of Camberwell? I know what I remember—crowded tables d'hôte, hot walks in stifling valleys, firing cannon, and looking through a telescope, and all the ladies trying who could get up the most striking costumes for dinner. To go about a place like that with a lot of people you don't like—"

Here, for some occult reason, Mr. Drummond burst into a most impatient fit of laughing.

"Oh yes," she said, with her color rising. "I am not assumed to own it. I liked the people with whom I went walking about Grove Park. If that has anything to do with it, I am very glad of it, for the sake of the park."

"And they were very fond of you too, Violet," said her old school-fellow, Amy, with unexpected decision. "And you are quite right. And I would—I would hate Camberwell; if I were you."

"Why, child, what do you know about Camberwell?" her mother said.

"I don't want to know any thing about it—I hate it."

So that closed the discussion, which had ended in a unanimous decision that Camberwell was a miserable and despicable place as compared with a certain chosen spot in Camberwell.

Now, if Miss North's love and admiration for Grove Park were largely based on the romantic conditions in which she remembered to have seen the place, surely Mr. Miller's impressions were likely to be equally favorable. For when they went outside into the cold night air there was an appearance in the sky overhead that told how the moon was visible somewhere; and they knew that when they got round into the high and open spaces of the park a vast and moonlit landscape would be unfolded before their eyes. Miss Violet and Mrs. Warrenner led the way; naturally the discovery of this wonderful place was pioneer. There was scarcely any one about; the footfalls of the small party were plainly heard in the silence of the grove. Then they reached the gloomy portals of the park—gloomy because of the cedars about—and then they left the region of bright gas-lamps, and passed in and through the darkness of the overhanging trees.

The night was indeed a beautiful one, though as yet they had not seen the moon. The sky overhead was clear, and full of pale stars; in the south a lambent planet was shining. How solemnly stood the great trees, their spreading branches of a jet black against the far-off vault of blue, not a rustle of their leaves breaking the deep stillness. There was a scent of hay in the air, one of the meadows adjoining having just been cut.

When at length they had reached the highest portion of the park, and got by one or two tall and silent houses, behold! they came upon a wonderful spectacle. No dramatic surprise could have been more skillfully arranged; for they had become accustomed to the clear and serene darkness of the night, and the twinkling of the pale stars, and the motionless

blackness of the lofty trees, and had no further expectation. But all at once they found before them, as they looked away over to Sydenham, a great moonlit space; the air filled with a strange pale glamour that seemed to lie over the broad valley; while the full yellow moon herself hung like a great globe of fire immediately over a long, low line of hill stretching across the southern horizon. These heights, lying under this glory of moonlight, would have seemed dusky, mystic, and remote, but that here and there glittered bright spots of yellow fire, telling of houses hidden among trees, and overlooking the wide plain. It was a wonderful panorama: the burning star of gold on the shadowy heights, the full yellow moon in the violet-gray sky, the pale light over the plain, and the black trees close at hand, the southward-looking branches of which were touched here and there by the mild radiance. Then the extreme silence of the place—as if that were a pageant all lighted up in an uninhabited world—the cold, sweet night air—the mystery and sadness of the stars.

"Ah, well," said Drummond, with a sigh, "it does not matter whether it is Camberwell or Camberwell; you get very close to heaven on a night like this."

Young Miller felt that in his heart too, for he was standing beside Violet North; and as she was gazing away down into the south, with absent and wistful eyes, he could watch with impunity the beautiful outlines of her face, now touched with a pale and mystic light. He wished to speak to her, and yet he was afraid to break the strange stillness. She did not seem to be aware of his presence; but it was with a secret thrill of pleasure that from time to time his fingers were touched by the corner of the light shawl she wore.

"Is this as fine as what you remember?" he said to her, at length, in a low voice.

She seemed to try to collect herself. She looked at him and said "Yes;" but presently he saw her turn her head away, and he had just caught a glimpse of the great tears that stood in her eyes.

"Young Miller," said Mr. Drummond, as they walked back, "we have beaten down your Camberwell; we have destroyed Mont Blanc; the Glacier des Boissons is no more."

"Quite right," said the young man, humbly. "I give in."

Now, when Violet got back to the house, she found her father's brougham at the door, and she would enter with them. But she said to Mr. Miller, who happened to be her companion at the moment,

"I have some little presents for my friends here; would you kindly take them in for me?"

There was, after all, some school-girl shyness about this young lady; she had not had the courage to offer them the presents herself. And how gladly he undertook the commission! He was proud to have her confidence in this small matter.

Then she bid good-bye to them all. She was a little silent as she left; it was like going away once more from home.

Mercurio? How plump and well-
oiled he is! I always loved Mer-
curio—but I did not know he was so
old-looking. They say Shakespeare
led him because he could not keep
the supply of jokes that Mercurio
could. They might as well say that
old and plump should be enough
to lead him. That's why the rivers always
like the nearest way; and that's why
Mercurio was killed.

Now what was the good of talking
like that to this puzzled tradesman
and artist? Young Miller had contin-
ually to keep saying.

"And how much would that be—in
blue satin a velvet, for example?"

It was indeed very lucky for these
two that Mr. Miller had gone with
them; for, in the end, when they had
finally made their choice, he suggested
an arrangement which lessened the
proposed cost by more than one-half.
The costumes were to be made ac-
cording to sketches which Mr. Drum-
mond was to supply; but they were to
remain the property of the costume-
maker; and only their temporary use
to be charged for. Not only Mr. Drum-
mond, but also his sister, was quite
impressed by the business-like way in
which Mr. Miller drew up and ratified
this contract.

One evening that little garden in
Camberwell saw a strange sight. It
was nearly dark; under the cherry
and apple trees there was almost dark-
ness. And what was this tall and
slender figure, clad from head to heel
in a cloak of sombre red, with a sword
thrusting out the cloak behind, with a
peaked black cap coming down on the
forehead, and that surmounted by a
tall red feather that here and there
brushed the leaves of the trees? What
manner of man was this, with ruddy
shadows under the strangely vivid
eyes, with cadaverous cheeks, with
painted beard and curled mustache,
and with a fiendish grin on his lips?
Then a younger man stepped down
from the balcony; and, bearded, the
youth was bravely clad in blue and
silver, with a cape of velvet hanging
from his shoulders; and there was a
soft yellow down on his upper lip;
and a look of gay laughter about his
handsome face. He, in turn, was fol-
lowed by a beautiful and gentle crea-
ture, who wore her yellow hair in two
long plaits behind, and who appeared
in a simple dress of white, with its
sight sleeves and its sachel touched
here and there with blue. Strangely
enough, as the three figures walked
here and there through the twilight
of the garden, Mephistopheles, Ro-
meo, and Margaret spoke the same
language, and laughed with the same
light laughter. It was their dress re-
hearsal: the solitary spectator being
a young lady in the balcony, who said
they looked like ghosts, and hoped
she should not dream of them that
night.

The important evening at length
arrived; and Mr. Miller had arranged
to dress at James Drummond's house,
for he was quite sure that, without his
supervision, Mephistopheles would be
found lacking in fiendish eyebrows
and mustache. James Drummond was
not accustomed to these things; he
was a mere child in the hands of young
Miller, who dealt with this matter in
a serious and didactic fashion.

The big house in Euston Square was
all lighted up; Chinese lanterns were
hung along the covered way leading
down to the gate; and on the pave-
ment a large number of people had
assembled to watch the arrivals de-
scend from the carriages and walk up
that lane of dimly colored light. There
was a murmur of surprise when a tall,
gaunt figure in sombre red stalked by,
with a whisper of "The Devil!" Ro-
meo was a little bewildered; he was
wondering how Violet would be
dressed; whether she would be kind
or proud; whether she would dance
with many people. He resolved that
he would not stay in the room if she
danced with any one other than him-
self; and he already hated that un-
known stranger.

More brilliant lights; a sound of
distant music; some servants, with
staring eyes and anxious manner.

Mr. Drummond taps young Romeo
on the shoulder. "You are in the way."

He stands aside, and two strange
creatures go by.

"Thank you," says one of them,
courteously. "You have allowed two
centuries to pass."

As yet they are but encountering
the outward ripples of the great whirl-
pool within. Cleopatra, proud and
dusky, with golden ornaments pend-
ant over her forehead, comes out into
the cooler air of the hall; she is at-
tended by an executioner, draped in
black, and masked. Those are these
enormous scarlet feathers sweeping
back from the cowl? Surely they and
the long slashed cloak belong to a high
baron of Germany! There, at the
foot of the stairs, Mary Queen of Scots
is chatting pleasantly with a tall youth
dressed as *chef de cuisine*; beside them
stands the redoubtable Jean Sautter,
the lights gleaming on his suit of
chain-mail, his huge shield and battle-
axe. Harlequin whips by; the solemn
Master of Ravenswood appears with
Ophelia on his arm; the mighty-
hearted Barbarossa and the Fille du
Regiment, laughing and talking to-
gether, are making for the ball room.

"Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?"

At the sound of that well-known
voice our three strangers turned in-
stantaneously. What wonderful vision
was this?—not the Violet North they
knew, but Juliet herself descended in
all her beauty from the moonlit bal-
cony—her face a trifle pale, perhaps,
but that may have been the reflected
light of her robes of white satin—her
magnificent black hair looking blacker
because of this gleaming dress—her
dark eyes full of fire and light, and
gladness—the proud, sweet mouth
partly opened in the excitement of
the moment; and just showing a glim-
mer of milk-white teeth.

[To be continued.]

No Deception Used.

It is strange how many people will con-
tinue to suffer day after day with dyspep-
sia, indigestion, constipation, sour
stomach, and general debility, when they
can procure at our store, **SHILLING'S**
TALIZER, free of cost. It does not cure
or relieve them. Price, 5c. Sold by Dr. J. L. KENNIN.

NEW MEXICO.

A Territory of Boundless Natural
Wealth and Infinite Resources—
Interesting Letter From J. C. Davis.

The following letter, descriptive of
New Mexico, is from the pen of our
former fellow-citizen, J. C. Davis:

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
SANTA FE, N. M., Sept. 20, 1879.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Having so
long delayed an answer to your kind
letter, I feel that I ought to do pen-
ance by giving you some of the more
prominent incidents that I have wit-
nessed, as well as extracts from dif-
ferent writers on the history, climate,
etc. of New Mexico. If I shall fail to
make my communication interesting,
please bear in mind that I have never
claimed to be "the complete letter
writer," and am like the celebrated
trotting horse, Ethan Allen, he did
not take Ticonderoga—it was not his
fort.

This territory, one of the last por-
tions of the country to be developed,
was one of the first to be discovered
and occupied by Europeans. While
the entire Atlantic seaboard was in the
possession of the Indians, the Span-
iards were ascending the Rio Grande,
subverting a civilization far superior
to that of the aborigines of New Eng-
land, founding settlements more
ancient than those of Plymouth
or St. Augustine, and building
churches older than the oldest in
Massachusetts or Virginia. Royal of-
ficers issued, in New Mexico, decrees
in the name of the king of Spain, be-
fore Bradford and Carver were born,
and built on the public plaza of Santa
Fe a palace, still standing, which an-
ticipates every other vestige of royal-
ty in the land. If priority of settle-
ment were of itself sufficient to command
respect, New Mexico might challenge
it from every state in the union. The
climate, soil, and productions of New
Mexico are spoken of by our late dele-
gate in congress, Hon. Trinidad Ro-
meo, as follows:

"Now look, if you please, a moment
at what New Mexico is, according to
the representations of all classes of
travelers, on business for the govern-
ment or otherwise, public or private
business, or pleasure, as well as of
those born and raised there like my-
self, who speak from full knowledge
obtained by personal observation all
their lives. New Mexico contains
121,200 square miles, or a little less
than 78,000,000 acres—a territory
twice the size of the six New England
states, and almost equal in extent to
the three great states of New York,
Pennsylvania and Virginia. The pro-
portion of this land capable of being
used for agricultural and other profit-
able purposes is certainly equal to that
of any of the surrounding states or
territories. With an average altitude
of about 5,000 feet above the sea
level, a general southern in-
clination, cut up by numer-
ous rivers and interspersed by
virgin forests; her climate is said to
be equal to that of any other spot on
the habitable globe to prolong life,
and coupled with her many mineral
springs is a salubrious far superior to
Florida, Madeira or Nice. The air is
as dry as that of Egypt; the winters
are so mild that stock is never housed;
the summers in most parts are cool,
the salubrity being such that the
country is absolutely free from all
causes of disease. Its mineral re-
sources will not be surpassed, it is be-
lieved, when developed, by those of
any other state or territory; its im-
mense agricultural capacity, varied
productions of its soil, its estimated
35,000,000 acres of virgin forest; a
country drained by the Nile of Amer-
ica—the Rio Grande, 1,800 miles long—
and the scenery, as described by
Dr. Hayden in his official report,
'wild, grand and varied as any found
amid the Alpine heights of Switzer-
land,' the general face of the coun-
try, a high plateau, traversed by
ranges of mountains; rapid streams
flow through fertile valleys, its rivers
forming part of the water system of
both the Atlantic and Pacific slopes;
malaria entirely unknown; its vari-
ety of climate, temperate in its north-
ern or more elevated parts, and semi-
tropical at the south; the summer
days in the lower valleys quite warm,
but not debilitating, owing to the air
being so rarified by elevation; the
soil easy of cultivation, and suscep-
tible of producing everything known
to these climates.' With all these
natural attractions it is not to be won-
dered at that there is a constant and
great desire to obtain property in the
territory."

The climate will always tempt the
invalid, and the agricultural and
grazing lands and low prices will
tempt the farmer and stock raiser to
come here; the great southwest in the
not distant future it is believed will
supply the larger portion of the civil-
ized world with meat as well as with
minerals. What little I have travel-
ed over the territory enables me to
say New Mexico will furnish her
share. In a recent trip to Colfax
county in the northeast corner of the
territory, I visited dozens of cattle
ranches, amongst others Hall brother's,
on the Rio Cimarron with 20,000
cattle and 200 horses, ex-Senator Dor-
sey with 15,000 head cattle, Towner
10,000, Gilliland 6,000, Bacon 5,000,
this last on Currampaw Creek in the
north east corner of New Mexico, near
the line of the Indian Territory; then
all over the country wherever you
find living water, spring or creek, you
will find a ranchman located with 100
or 200 up to 1,500 head of cattle, hav-
ing thus according to means laid the
foundations for their fortunes, and
with a few years careful watching
and waiting they will realize them.

Just south of this is San Miguel coun-
ty of which Las Vegas is the county
seat, and present southern terminus
of the railroad. This county is well
watered by numerous springs and
creeks and the Canadian and Pecos
Rivers; it is a splendid grazing country,
and is well stocked with large flocks
and herds of sheep and cattle

with plenty of room for
move. I lately adjoining on the
south is Lincoln county, and here let
me say, in order that you may realize
the size of the country you are reading
about, that Lincoln county alone is as
large as the states of Vermont, New
Hampshire and Connecticut combined
so you see it is a country of magnifi-
cent sizes as well as of distance. The
Pecos River runs south through this
county which is said to be the garden
of New Mexico. There are millions
of acres of the best agricultural and
grazing land open for entry, and the
climate is the best general in the
world. The Pecos Valley is very rich
and fertile, a abundance of water for
irrigation, a fine fruit country, and in
fact presents every advantage one
could wish in soil, climate, and pro-
ductiveness. Such a country cannot
lie idle long, after its advantages are
once known and appreciated by the
enterprising.

This is said to be one of the best
countries in the territory for grazing
purposes, and when I state that there is
one man who has 100,000 cattle, and
scores of them who have 5,000 to 30-
000 head, and as for sheep there are
dozens of rich Mexicans who have
100,000 each, and the name of this
county is from 5,000 to 40,000 is
legion, the fact would seem to be
demonstrated, especially as Eli Per-
kins had nothing to do in getting up
this statement. The hog is the only
animal restrained of its liberty in
New Mexico. If ever you see one of
the porcine race, you will see a long
nosed, slab-sided creature chained near
a Mexican ranch. The reason for
this I suppose is: First, Mexicans are
not willing to trust Mexicans with
their hogs, they know how it is them-
selves. Second, if the Mexicans did
not take them it would be wolves
would.

There is another animal here,
though unknown to you, that deserves
special notice on account of the im-
portant part it plays in the carrying
business of the country, known in the
language of the country by the pretty
name of Burros, though they
differ very little if any from the ass
of the Scriptures. There are no farm-
er's teams coming in town from every
direction as with you, bringing in the
grain, wood, hay, lumber, butter, eggs,
chickens, fruits, etc., consequently all
this is done on the backs of donkeys.
Given a pack-saddle, no other equip-
ment is required; such things as sal-
ters or bridges are unknown. The
sacks in which grain is brought to
market are made of dry hides and
hold two and a half bushels each, this
being a Mexican measure called a
fanega. If 300 bushels of wheat are
to come to market, sixty donkeys, pack-
saddled, are brought out and two
sacks, or five bushels, put on each,
then driven the same as you would
drive a flock of geese or sheep. If
the distance is too great to make in a
day, the donkeys are allowed to pick
what they can find at night, but are
never fed a mouthful from one year's
end to another. Wood and green corn
fodder fastened to the saddle with
rawhide ropes, grama grass and
hay are put into gunny
sacks, fruits, apricots, apples,
pears, peaches, melons and grapes are
brought in great abundance from the
Rio Grande in little boxes made for
the purpose with round sticks. Lum-
ber, poles, etc., are carried by fastening
one end to the pack saddle on either
side of the burros, the other drags on
the ground. All these things and
many more the faithful little donkey
does, and the natives could no more
get along without them than you
without the horse.

It was Nathaniel Hawthorne, I
think, who was attracted by the sign
"To be seen here, a Virtuoso's Collec-
tion." The strange sights that met his
gaze I do not propose to record, but
wish to call attention to the fact that
he expresses no doubt of the genuine-
ness and authenticity of all the
strange animals he saw until he came
to the donkey rode and cudgeled by
the ancient prophet Balaam. Of this
he wisely said, "Some doubts were en-
tertained as to the authenticity of this
beast." If Mr. Hawthorne were here
his doubt would become certainty, for
I can prove an alibi for that old don-
key. I saw him on the streets here last
week. He still talks, though from his
great age I suppose, his voice is harsh,
coarse and sonorous and a little crack-
led with all, none of those dulcet,
lute-like tones peculiar to the
youth of the species. I pulled a
handful of grama grass from a gunny
bag on the back of another donkey
standing near and gave him to eat. He
was very thankful and considered me
his friend, and as such requested me
to inform the virtuoso he had been
deceived, and to prevent such mis-
takes in future, he gave it as his opin-
ion, judging the future by the past,
that many generations would come
and go before his stomach would be
stuffed, much less his skin.

The figure 8 at the head of this page,
admonishes me that my communica-
tion is becoming prolix, without hav-
ing said half I desired and intended,
but will weary your patience no far-
ther this time, than to relate the inci-
dents of a trip made a few weeks since
to the Cerrillos mines, and as far
south as Galleto creek some twenty-
five miles south of Santa Fe, return-
ing by a different route from that I
went, and after ascending quite a hill
a few miles from the creek, I invol-
untarily stopped my team, being
charmed with the beautiful place and
surroundings. On my right cropped
out a coarse white sand stone, a per-
pendicular wall twenty-five feet high,
and projecting from this wall were
trunks and limbs of large trees, much
larger than any now growing in the
country, petrified, the petrifications
being flint stone. Please ask your ge-
ological friend Col. R. S. R., to rise and
explain how those trees got in that
place, always bearing in mind the sand
stone below, around and above the
petrifications is the same. Twenty
yards away on the opposite side of the
road a similar outcropping of white
sand stone appears, and beyond is a
ridge or mountain of red sand stone,
whether the old red sand stone of ge-
ologists or the Seneca strata I am
not geologist enough to say. I wan-
dered some two hours about the place,
picked up some pieces of crockery

made by the Indians, nobody knows
how many hundred years ago, and
thought I was the first to explore
the beauties of the place, but I was
soon undeceived, for in front of me
lay the evidence of American civiliza-
tion in the shape of one of Anson's
beer bottles. Then like Solomon, I
thought there was nothing new un-
der the sun, and no place you can go
but some enterprising Yankee has
been there before you. Very truly,
yours,
JOHN C. DAVIS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan is recovering.
Mr. Theodore Hennig will locate at
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Tom Karl is making a fine success
with the Emma Abbot Company.

"Lurline" was selected for perform-
ance, for the benefit of Prof. Abel, of
Detroit.

The Young Men's Association, of
Detroit, are to bring out "The Bohemian Girl."

Clara Morris will appear in the
"Royal Favorite" on Oct. 6th at the
new Brooklyn Theatre.

Gorman's Church Choir Pinafore
company opened their season at Wil-
mington, Del., on the 29th inst.

The new American opera "U. S.
Buttons" has been brought out at
Philadelphia with fine success.

A new opera by Planquette, com-
poser of "The Bells of Corneville," is
called "The Passing Regiment."

Talmage has been artistically a
failure, peculiarly a success in Lon-
don—*Truth*. This is a dramatic
item.

"Gulliver's Travels," dear to all
children and not a few elders, is to be
done into pantomime this Christmas
at London.

Mr. N. J. Stabler, formerly of this
city, has returned from his southern
concert tour, and is now with his
parents at Newcastle, Ind.

The new comic opera, "The Electric
Light," is to be brought out at the
Boston Museum. It has made a fair
success in Baltimore, Washington and
Philadelphia.

An exchange says, Uncle Tom, un-
der the guidance of Archbishop Nixon
and Cardinal North, will begin his
travels this week through the North-
west. High sounding titles indeed.

Mme. Gerstler is said to receive this
season \$500 a night from her manager.
This is a very small sum if we take into
consideration that Mapleson depends
solely upon her powers of attraction.

Arthur Sullivan returns to London,
to resume the conductorship of the
Covent Garden concerts. He will at-
tend the Hereford Festival, and con-
duct his oratorio, "The Light of the
World."

The "Harmonia" society of Indian-
apolis are studying Mendelssohn's
"Hymn of Praise." The "Haydn"
society are studying the "Creation,"
and Thomas Anderson's "Wreck of
Hesperus."

The Solteggio melody from the sec-
ond act of "Le Petit Duc," has been
adopted as one of the sacred hymns
at Grace Church. Why not rather
"Ding, dong," from "The Cloches de
Corneville."

The British are a great people. A
London paper has a conundrum:
"Does it not seem rather curious to
a grown man come forward at a public
concert and warble to a thousand peo-
ple of apparently average sanity, 'My
Love She is a Kitten?'"

If with the success of the Abbott
English opera company, the produc-
tion of Max Maretzek's new Ameri-
can opera should be success, it will
go far to bring English opera in this
country into a popularity that will
exclude the production of French and
Italian opera to a great extent.

It is to be hoped for the credit of
Fort Wayne musically, that the "Fort
Wayne Vocal Society" will decide on
some work within their capacity and
give it. There is hardly a city of
half the size of Fort Wayne from the
Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains
which has not at least one prosperous
musical society.

The New York *Musical Times* says:
"Miss Abbott, whatever her merits as
a vocalist, has unquestionably the
art of pleasing the public. Her earn-
estness and thoroughness are catching,
and carry the sympathies of her audi-
ence, and if it be that the public
verdict is the best criticism, then
Miss Abbott is undoubtedly a very
able artist."

"The Banker's Daughter" has been
very successful at Philadelphia as
everywhere else. Strange that a play
which was looked at hesitatingly and
adopted as a last resource, should have
taken the whole country. It is so
true that managers can only guess at
results; there is no assurance as to
what will really strike or hold the
public, who will always go as they
please.

Checked in Their Advance.

By the speedy action of Hostetter's Bitters,
dyspepsia, nervous indigestion, constipa-
tion and bilious complaints cease to
harrass the invalid. That they will in-
stantly give ground is not pretended, but
no medical fact is more certain or
avouched by more competent testi-
mony, than that these maladies, and
others to which it is adapted, entirely
subside to the influence of the medicine.
If it be given a fair trial, their total, if
not instant, rout is certain to ensue.
Losses of strength are repaired, an illu-
sion of appetite and nerve quietude are re-
mediated, and the system is made to
grow stronger and assimilation is
aided by its action, a gain in flesh will
follow. Ladies in delicate health, aged
persons and convalescents, derive bodily
and mental source from its use, and ex-
perience none of the repugnance which
ordinary tonics frequently inspire. The em-
phatic recommendation of physicians
confirms the verdict in its favor.

"Laugh and Grow Fat."

This ancient bit of advice is well enough
for "square" people, but how about those
that are already too fat? What is to be-
come of them? Sit still, and I'll tell
you. After many experiments, extend-
ing through months of patient investiga-
tion and toll, the celebrated analytical
chemist, J. C. Altman, has perfected and
patented a world wide Anti-Fat.
This fat in several hundred cases this
great remedy has never failed to reduce a
corpulent person from three to six
pounds per week. It is perfectly harm-
less and positively efficient. Sold by
druggists.

INTERNATIONAL PEDESTRIANS.

What the Men Get—Total Receipts
and How Divided—What They Go
Through—The Phenomena of Sleep
—Bedily Pains and Mental Aches.
[New York Sun.]

The total receipts of the walk were
given by Mr. Kuntz last evening, an
hour after the building had been
cleared, as approximately \$78,928.
He said that an accurate count would
not be likely to change the result \$50
either way. Of the total amount the
lessees receive one-fourth, or nearly
\$18,500, leaving a little over \$55,000
for the walkers and for some expenses
incurred outside of the lessees' sched-
ule of expenses—such as the pay of
scores, other attendants furnished,
and preparations in the garden. Mr.
Hess declined last evening to make
any estimate of the sum of these "in-
cidental expenses" that must be paid
before the division of the net pro-
ceeds is made among the contestants.
It is thought that \$5,400 is a liberal
allowance for purposes of a rough
estimate. There would then remain
\$50,000 to be divided among the men
who covered 450 miles. The agreement
made provision for a division of pro-
ceeds, if six men or any less number
completed 450 miles, and it said that
if more than six men walked that distance
the winner would receive one-half, and
the others "a proportion according to their
distance, as may be decided by Sir John
Asley." If six men made 450 miles,
the winner was to receive one-half,
the second 20 percent, the third 12
percent, the fourth 8 percent, the fifth
6 percent, and the sixth 4 percent.
Assuming that the division will be
made in nearly the same ratio between
the eight men who walked 450 miles
or more, the second man will get about
19 percent, the third 11 percent, the
fourth 7 percent, the fifth 5 percent,
the sixth 3 percent, the seventh 2
percent, and the eighth 1 percent.
This arrangement would make the
winners of the men nearly as follows:

Royal	\$25,000	Guyon	\$2,500
Merritt	9,500	Weston	1,750
Hayden	5,500	East	1,250
Hart	3,750	Krohne	500

WHAT SLEEP BRINGS.

Nine cots, with excelsior mattresses,
are standing beneath the tents at the
side of the track. Weston and Rowell
sleep in rooms at the eastern end of
the garden. Guyon rests in the Putnam
House, near the Fourth avenue
entrance. All the other walkers sleep
in their tents. The hours of uncon-
sciousness are few. Up to midnight Mer-
ritt had only slept seven hours since
the opening of the tournament. It can
hardly be called hours of rest. The
weary pedestrian is sponged or
has a bath. He pitches in his cot.
He is wrapped in his blankets. The
lights in his tent are extinguished.
He closes his eyes and enters a world
of phantoms. The cheers of the crowd, the music
of the band, the clapping of hands,
the murmur as of a vast hive of bees,
and the tread of many feet fill through
his sleep. His body is racked with
pain. There is an appalling heat in
his feet. His temples throb. The blood
becomes stagnant and frequently
nightmare follows. The dreamer is
still on the track. He sees his com-
petitors passing him one by one and
is unable to increase his own speed.
O'Leary says that during his walk in
London for the belt he never went to
sleep without the shadow of Vaughn
before him. It would follow him
around a phantom track with looks of
exultation in his eyes. At times he
would be in his way. It would stand
facing him at the curves, making
grimaces and contortions. Up to the
moment of waking, Vaughn's shadow
never left his sleep.

Guyon has a similar experience. On
Wednesday night he slept the sleep of
the damned. The pain in his feet was
so intense that it turned his stomach.
Weston was ever before him. When
he turned in Merritt had passed him
and taken second place. Weston was
doing splendid work, and rapidly over-
hauling him. A ghostly Weston was
pursuing him in his dreams. Which-
ever way he turned Weston was at his
heels. Nor was Weston the only
phantom. The dials assumed the
faces of other contestants and taunted
him as he passed. A spirit of Krohne
fifty feet high was walking after him.
Although he was in the Putnam
House, far removed from sight or sound
of the garden, he heard the murmur
of the crowd, the roar of brass instruments,
the tread of a thousand feet, and peals
of laughter. When he awoke
toward morning he found a tumbler
beneath his pillow. The pillow was
drenched. He was unable to account
for it until he remembered that in his
dreams he had a spirited contest with
Weston. Every nerve had been
strained to hold his own, but the
champion gained upon him. At the
critical moment the dreamer re-
cupitated and was able to prevent the
spectral champion from passing him
and taking third place. Then he was
seized with a terrible thirst. He
turned into a phantom tent and saw
the apparition of Jim Smith, the
trainer. Seizing the glass of water,
he tried to swallow the liquid. To his
horror it would not go down his
throat, but ran out of his mouth over
his chin, and drenched his nightshirt.
Rushing from the phantom tent, he
saw Weston's ghost sweeping around
the track with a look of joy. The
ghost had taken third place. While
thus dreaming Guyon had really
arisen and got a glass of water, spilling
its contents upon his pillow. This is
not strange, for Guyon's trainer,
Smith, who has had even less sleep
than Guyon, says that he has thrice
administered to the wants of his prin-
cipal while asleep. He has rubbed
him down, given him water, and an-
swered questions without being aware
of it until told of it the next day.

The dreams of the pedestrian are
based on the condition of his stomach.
When the stomach refuses nourish-
ment, threatening apparitions fre-
quently appear. In one case the
pedestrian fancied that he was rolling
among old logs covered with thousand-
legged worms. In another case the
pedestrian thought himself on the
track, but unable to walk. Upon
glancing at his feet he was shocked to
see that they had turned to hickory

saplings, and the saplings grow with
such rapidity that they raised him in
the air.

The agony of these hours of unrest
is increased when the hapless walker
awakes. His blood is still stagnant.
There is a prickly heat upon his skin.
He feels as though he was being prick-
ed with a million of needles. Neural-
gic pains thro through his muscles.
His joints are stiff. His eyelids seem
paralyzed. Worst of all, his feet and
sin bones are numbed. Every move-
ment sends a thrill of pain through
the body. He is oiled and rubbed.
His trainers cheer him with words
of encouragement. A swallow of
warm beef tea, or some other decoction,
puts him into a little glow and
infuses him with a painful energy.
He wobbles upon the track, and the
noise, the lights, and the dark shadows
of his competitors confuse him.
The cold air strikes him unpleasantly. He
makes one lap and the impulse to
re-enter his cot is frequently so
great that he finds it irresistible.

Before coming on the track he lies
on his cot in a semi-unconscious state
while he is rubbed and clad. He
hardly appreciates the situation before
he finds himself upon the track. If
his shoes have been changed during
his rest, his feet feel like lumps of
lead. The sore spots smart more than
ever, and it is with the greatest diffi-
culty that he can lift his feet from the
track. He occasionally feels a
nausea about the stomach, and his
nerves are strung to the utmost ten-
sion. The cracking of a whip, a de-
formed face, a wide brimmed hat, or a
peculiarly shaped bouquet excites his
mind, and he becomes in a measure
insane. Weston has a peculiar ab-
horrence of tobacco smoke. It proba-
bly affects his stomach. At times the
sight of a pipe or cigar throws him in-
to a nervous spasm, and he becomes
so excited that he frequently leaves
the track.

MRS. LANGTRY.

The Prince of Wales a Co-respond-
ent in the Suit for Divorce.

The cable dispatches announce that
a divorce suit is before the London
courts against Mrs. Langtry, the cele-
brated beauty and otherwise the
"Jersey Lily." A London correspond-
ent of the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, un-
der date of September 4th, gives this
premonition of the affair:

Within the last week a curious rum-
or, which was bruited about some
months ago, then denied, and finally
"explained" in various ways, has
been revived, and it is openly
asserted that his royal high-
ness the prince of Wales, for the
second time in his life, is about
to figure as a correspondent in a di-
vorce case. This time it is the well-
known Mrs. Langtry whose name is
being coupled with that of the prince.
In short, if rumor be correct, Mr.
Langtry has filed a petition in divorce,
on the grounds of his wife's adultery
with a number of men, among others
H. R. H. the prince of Wales. I am
told that every effort has been and is
being made to hush up the matter,
but that Mr. Langtry is determined
to be no "respector of persons."

The prince was made a co-respond-
ent in the celebrated Mordaunt divorce
suit, and went into the witness box
and denied on oath his improper inti-
macy with Lady Mordaunt. Sergeant
Ballantine was counsel for Sir Charles
Mordaunt, and after the prince had
given his evidence, with a fulsome
crawling to royalty and a vision of
a judgeship in the dim vista
of the future—a vision which I am
unfeignedly glad to say has never
been realized—the learned counsel re-
marked that after the clear and satis-
factory manner in which his royal
highness had given his evidence, he
could not think of subjecting him to
the awkwardness of a cross examina-
tion. That is what I call doing your
duty to your future king at the ex-
pense of your present client. How-
ever, if the present case comes to an is-
sue, as there is every prospect of its
doing, I don't think Ballantine will
be retained for the petitioner.

The queen has lately intimated that
the sale of photographs of so-called
fashionable beauties has been severe
displeasure, and an attempt will be made
to limit the abuse. Probably her
majesty will put the screw on by de-
clining to receive at court ladies who
permit the sale of their photographs.
The queen is waking up to a
knowledge of the fact that her
court, formerly boasted of as the most
virtuous in Europe, is little better
than a sink of iniquity and a hot-
bed of vice. If her majesty would
take her place at the head of society,
a place which her position entitles her
to, and which she is paid nearly £400,
000 a year to fill, she would do some-
thing practical toward cleaning the
Augean stables. At present the
prince of Wales is recognized as taking
his mother's place in society, and
rightly or wrongly, his royal highness
is looked upon as a gay Lothario, and
the tone of English society suffers ac-
cordingly. It has been reported that
the prince is about to make a length-
ened tour through the Australian col-
onies. Probably this may be with a
view to getting out of the way until
the unpleasant Langtry business blows
over. No man of common sense be-
lieves all the stories about the
prince's amours, which used to be
common talk, and which even yet
drop out occasionally. H. R. H.
may be a much maligned man, but
where there is so much smoke there
must be some fire, and the popularly
received impression is that the prince
is not so particular as he might be in
his habits of life.

Hemorrhoids.—I suffered terribly.
Had made arrangements with a promi-
nent surgeon to operate. A friend advised
me to try Giles' Liniment and Pills.
I did so, and to my unspeakable joy, got
immediate relief, and am now cured.

J. L. KENNIN.

Metropolitan Hotel, N. Y.

Giles' Pills cures Rheumatism.
Sold by all druggists. Send for pam-
phlet. Dr. GILES.

120 West Broadway, N. Y.

Trinal Size 25 cents.

For more backache, side or chest use SHILLING'S TALIZER. Price 5c. Sold by Dr. J. L. KENNIN.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

STYLES.

For the Ladies to Read.

Stuffed birds will ornament fall and
winter bonnets.

Dress for the autumn season ex-
presses rich colorings.

Dealers tell us of the want of dis-
tinctive names for the new fabrics.

Derby felt hats are trimmed with a
satin ribbon band and a split paro-
quet.

Clouded French Lisle-thread stock-
ings are selling at thirty-eight cents
the pair.

Almost every cloak intended to be
elegant is bordered around the skirt
with fringe.

The chief occupation of modists at
present is in making preparations for
the winter.

Plush promises to come into favor
for all trimming purposes as the sea-
son advances.

Plaided British balbriggan stock-
ings are among the most attractive
things in hosiery.

New designs in Bretonne lace are
apricots and small set figures, on a dot-
ted or dashed ground.

The new wool goods are pliable and
of light weight, yet give the effect of
thick, heavy fabrics.

Jet will be much used both in mil-
linery and also as garniture for dresses
of all kinds this season.

Combinations of gay brocade with a
plain color are shown in the richest
as well as the plainest dresses.

Dolman mantles, for the severest of
the winter weather, have appeared in
the warm beaver and diagonal cloths.

In costumes for the house and car-
riage wear, floriated brocade most gen-
erally obtains as the combining silk
stuff.

In the black silk costumes that
have come out, combinations of vari-
eties of silk textures are notably ap-
parent.

Plaid satins in regular clan tartans
and in fanciful combinations of colors
are largely imported for party
dresses.

Buttons, of two sizes are on most
suits. They are made of tinted pearl,
in all the gay colors that appear in the
cashmere.

Velvet brocades, on grounds of
mingled brilliant colors, appear in
some of the handsomest of the import-
ed costumes.

In range of colorings science has
arrived at surprising results; language
fails to class in regular order these
singular dyes.

There is no great extreme in dress
to be observed in any style; all is in
harmony, even when gaudy colorings
are employed.

Crimping the hair is still in favor
among young ladies, who willingly
sacrifice their locks in order to look
coquettish for the present.

For evening and bridal dresses, the
newest and prettiest materials are satin
brocades in delicate shades wrought
with gold and silver thread.

The walking dress, that for the
street, grows more and more simple;
and even austere, with a very pro-
nounced masculine character.

Old-fashioned changeable silk, ex-
actly like that which was indispen-
sable for wedding-dresses years ago, is
the novelty in dress material.

Black cashmere costumes are among
the prominent importations for street
wear. These are all made up over, or
in combination with black silk.

Among the details which contribute
to give an air of elegance to toilets
for the street and informal visits are
the buttons with which dresses are
trimmed.

Lisle-thread stockings are in hair-
stripes, and clocked on the line of the
ankles. Hair-striped British-Balbrig-
gan stockings are in the list of novel-
ties in foot gear.

For traveling suits the dark tartans
in soft twilled wool are shown again,
and it is found that the largest plaids
are the most popular, especially those
that combine blue with green.

Scotch plaids will remain in favor.
Some of the late importations of dress
materials show these plaids in new
and fine materials. The twin-trim-
mings used on these goods are the
handsome Scotch plaid goods.

The Dolman mantle of this season
is of medium depth, and is strikingly
novel in the deep square sleeves, seen
in some of the most noteworthy of
the imported models. Upon these
sleeves the trimming is applied in a
curve, giving the effect of double
sleeves.

For morning wrappers, for dressing
sacques, and for linings of wraps,
there are camel's-hair flannels in new
patterns of broadened stripes. The
contrasts of color are lovely in these,
showing rose pink with pale blue, gar-
net with dark blue, cream with red,
or brown with gold. These cost \$3 a
yard, and measure a yard and a half
in width.

No evening toilet, whether for the
theater or concert, is made with long
sleeves. All sleeves of dresses design-
ed for the evening end quite near the
elbow, and are

at Mercutio? How plump and well-looked he is! I always loved Mercutio. I did not know he was so good-looking. They say Shakespeare filled him because he could not keep the supply of jokes that Mercutio needed. They might as well say that God took and plunged the rivers into the sea lest there should be enough water left on land for a long river-course. That's why the rivers always take the nearest way; and that's why poor old Mercutio was killed."

Now what was the good of talking like that to this puzzled tradesman and artist? Young Miller had continually to keep saying:

"And how much would that be in blue satin a velvet, for example?"

It was indeed very lucky for these two that Mr. Miller had gone with them; for, in the end, when they had finally made their choice, he suggested an arrangement which lessened the proposed cost by more than one-half. The costume was to be made according to sketches which Mr. Drummond was to supply; but they were to remain the property of the costume-maker, and only their temporary use to be charged for. Not only Mr. Drummond, but also his sister, who had more to do with accounts, was quite impressed by the business-like way in which Mr. Miller drew up and ratified this contract.

One evening that little garden in Camberwell saw a strange sight. It was nearly dusk; under the cherry and apple trees there was almost darkness. And what was this tall and silent figure, clad from head to heel in a cloak of sombre red, with a sword thrusting out the black cap coming down on the forehead, and that surmounted by a tall red feather that here and there brushed the leaves of the trees? What manner of man was this, with ruddy shadows under the strangely vivid eyes, with cadaverous cheeks, with pointed beard and curled mustache, and with a fiendish grin on his lips? Then a younger man stepped down from the balcony, and, behold, the youth was bravely clad in blue and silver, with a cape of velvet hanging from his shoulders, and there was a soft gleam of gay laughter about his handsome face. He, in turn, was followed by a beautiful and gentle creature, who wore her yellow hair in two long plaits behind, and who appeared in a simple dress of white, with its tight sleeves and its sachel touched here and there with blue. Strangely enough, as the three figures walked here and there through the twilight of the garden, Mephistopheles, Romeo, and Margaret spoke the same language, and laughed with the same light laughter. It was their dress rehearsal: the solitary spectator being a young lady in the balcony, who said they looked like ghosts, and hoped she should not dream of them that night.

The important evening at length arrived; and Mr. Miller had arranged to dress at James Drummond's house, for he was quite sure that, without his supervision, Mephistopheles would be found lacking in fiendish eyebrows and mustache. James Drummond was not accustomed to these things; he was a mere child in the hands of young Miller, who dealt with this matter in a serious and didactic fashion.

The big house in Easton Square was all lighted up; Chinese lanterns were hung along the covered way leading down to the gate; and on the pavement a large number of people had assembled to watch the arrivals descend from the carriages and walk up that lane of dimly colored light. There was a murmur of surprise when a tall, gaunt figure in sombre red stalked by, with a whisper of "The Devil!" Romeo was a little bewildered; he was wondering how Violet would be dressed; whether she would be kind or proud; whether she would dance with many people. He resolved that he would not stay in the room if she danced with any one other than himself; and he already hated that unknown stranger.

More brilliant lights; a sound of distant music; some servants, with staring eyes and anxious manner, and Mr. Drummond takes young Romeo on the shoulder. "You're in the way."

He stands aside, and two strange creatures go by.

"Thank you," says one of them, courteously. "You have allowed two centuries to pass."

As yet they are but encountering the outward ripples of the great whirlpool within. Cleopatra, proud and dusky, with golden ornaments pendant over her forehead, comes out into the cooler air of the hall; she is attended by an executioner, draped in black, and masked. Whose are these enormous scarlet feathers sweeping back from the cowl? Surely they and the long slashed cloak belong to a high baron of Germany! There, at the foot of the stairs, Mary Queen of Scots is chatting pleasantly with a tall youth dressed as *chef de cuisine*; beside them stands the redoubtable Jean Sarmette, the lights gleaming on his suit of chain-mail, his huge shield and battle-axe. Harlequin whips by; the solemn Master of Ravenswood appears with Ophelia on his arm; the mighty-regimented Barbarossa and the Fillo du Regiment, laughing and talking together, are making for the ball room.

"Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?" At the sound of that well-known voice our three strangers turned instantaneously. What wonderful vision was this? Not the Violet North they knew, but Juliet herself descended in all her beauty from the moonlit balcony—her face a trifle pale, perhaps, but that may have been the reflected light of her robes of white satin—her magnificent black hair looking blacker because of this gleaming dress—her dark eyes full of fire and light, and gladness—the proud, sweet mouth partly opened in the excitement of the moment, and just showing a glimmer of milk-white teeth.

[To be continued.]

No Reception Used.

This strange so many people will continue to suffer day after day with dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, sour stomach, and general debility, when they get procure at our store SHILLI'S TALLER, free of cost if it does not relieve them. Price, 75c. Sold by Dr. C. & Bro.

NEW MEXICO.

A Territory of Boundless Natural Wealth and Infinite Resources—Interesting Letter From J. C. Davis.

The following letter, descriptive of New Mexico, is from the pen of our former fellow-citizen, J. C. Davis:

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, SANTA FE, N. M., Sept. 20, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Having so long delayed an answer to your kind letter, I feel that I ought to do penance by giving you some of the more prominent incidents that I have witnessed, as well as extracts from different writers on the history, climate, etc. of New Mexico. If I shall fail to make any communication interesting, please bear in mind that I have never claimed to be "the complete letter writer," and am like the celebrated trotting horse, Ethan Allen, he did not take Ticonderoga—it was not his fort.

This territory, one of the last portions of the country to be developed, was one of the first to be discovered and occupied by Europeans. While the entire Atlantic seaboard was in the possession of the Indians, the Spaniards were ascending the Rio Grande, subverting a civilization far superior to that of the aborigines of New England, founding settlements more ancient than those of Plymouth or St. Augustine, and building churches older than the oldest in Massachusetts or Virginia. Royal officers issued, in New Mexico, decrees in the name of alanking of Spain, before Bradford and Carver were born, and built on the public plaza of Santa Fe a palace, still standing, which antedates every other vestige of royalty in the land. If priority of settlement were of itself sufficient to command respect, New Mexico might challenge it from every state in the union. The climate, soil and productions of New Mexico are spoken of by our late delegate in congress, Hon. Trinidad Romero, as follows:

"Now look, if you please, a moment at what New Mexico is, according to the representations of all classes of travelers, on business for the government or otherwise, public or private business, or pleasure, as well as of those born and raised there like myself, who speak from a full knowledge obtained by personal observation all their lives. New Mexico contains 121,200 square miles, or a little less than 78,000,000 acres—a territory twice the size of the six New England states, and almost equal in extent to the three great states of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. The proportion of this land capable of being used for agricultural and other profitable purposes is certainly equal to that of any of the surrounding states or territories. With an average altitude of about 5,000 feet above the sea level, a general southern inclination, cut up by numerous rivers and interspersed by virgin forests, her climate is said to be equal to that of any other spot on the habitable globe to prolong life, and coupled with her many mineral springs is a salubrious far superior to Florida, Madeira or Nice. The air is as dry as that of Egypt; the winters are so mild that stock is never housed; the summers in most parts are cool, the salubrity being such that the country is absolutely free from all causes of disease. Its mineral resources will not be surpassed, it is believed, when developed, by those of any other state or territory; its immense agricultural capacity, varied productions of its soil; its estimated 35,000,000 acres of virgin forest; a country drained by the Nile of America—the Rio Grande, 1,800 miles long—and 'the scenery,' as described by Dr. Hayden in his official report, 'wild, grand and varied as any found amid the Alpine heights of Switzerland; the general face of the country, a high plateau, traversed by ranges of mountains; rapid streams flowing through fertile valleys, its rivers forming part of the water system of both the Atlantic and Pacific slopes; malaria entirely unknown; its variety of climate, temperate in its northern or more elevated parts, and semitropical at the south; the summer days in the lower valleys quite warm, but not debilitating, owing to the air being so rarified by elevation; the soil easy of cultivation, and susceptible of producing everything known to these climates. With all these natural attractions it is not to be wondered at that there is a constant and great desire to obtain property in the territory."

The climate will always tempt the invalid, and the agricultural and grazing lands and low prices will tempt the farmer and stock raiser to come here; the great southwest in the not distant future it is believed will supply the larger portion of the civilized world with meat as well as with minerals. What little I have traveled to say New Mexico will furnish her share. In a recent trip to Colfax county in the northeast corner of the territory, I visited dozens of cattle ranches, amongst others Hall brothers, on the dry cimarron with 20,000 cattle and 200 horses, ex-Senator Dorsey with 15,000 head cattle, Tower with 10,000, Gifford 6,000, Bacon 5,000, this last on Currampan Creek in the north east corner of New Mexico, near the line of the Indian Territory; then all over the country wherever you find living water, spring or creek, you will find a ranchman located with 100 or 200 up to 1,500 head of cattle, having thus according to means laid the foundations for their fortunes, and with a few years careful watching and waiting they will realize them. Just south of this is San Miguel county of which Las Vegas is the county seat, and present southern terminus of the railroad. This county is well watered by numerous springs and creeks and the Canadian and Pecos Rivers is a splendid grazing country, and is well stocked with large flocks and herds of sheep and cattle

with plenty of room for more. Immediately adjoining on the south is Lincoln county, and here let me say, in order that you may realize the size of the country you are reading about, that Lincoln county alone is as large as the states of Vermont, New Hampshire and Connecticut combined, so you see it is a country of magnificent sizes as well as of distances. The Pecos River runs south through this county which is said to be the garden of New Mexico. There are millions of acres of the best agricultural and grazing land open for entry, and the climate is the most genial in the world. The Pecos Valley is very rich and fertile, an abundance of water for irrigation, a fine fruit country, and in fact presents to every advantage one could wish in soil, climate, and productivity. Such a country cannot lie idle long, after its advantages are once known and appreciated by the enterprising.

This is said to be one of the best counties in the territory for grazing purposes, and when it is stated that there is one man who has 100,000 cattle, and others who have 5,000 to 30,000 head, and as for sheep there are dozens of rich Mexicans who have 100,000 each, and the name of those who own from 5,000 to 40,000 is legion, the fact would seem to be demonstrated, especially as Eli Perkins had no thing to do in getting up this statement. The hog is the only animal restrained of its liberty in New Mexico. If ever you see one of the porcine race, you will see a long nosed, slab-sided creature chained near a Mexican ranch. The reason for this I suppose is: First, Mexicans are not willing to trust Mexicans with their hogs; they know how they can do themselves. Second, if the Mexicans did not take them they would be lost.

There is another animal here, though unknown to you, that deserves special notice on account of the important part it plays in the carrying business of the country, known in the language of the country by the pretty name of "Burros," though they differ very little if any from the ass of the Scriptures. There are no farmers' teams coming in town from every direction as with you, bringing in the grain, wood, hay, lumber, butter, eggs, chickens, fruits, etc., consequently all this is done on the backs of donkeys. Given a pack-saddle, no other equipment is required; such things as saddles or bridles are unknown. The packs in which grain is brought to market are made of dry hides and hold two and a half bushels each, this being a Mexican measure called a fanga. If 300 bushels of wheat are to come to market, sixty donkeys, pack-saddled, are brought out and two sacks, or five bushels, put on each, then driven the same as you would drive a flock of geese or sheep. If the distance is too great to make in a day, the donkeys are allowed to pick what they can find at night, but are never fed a mouthful from one year's feed to another. Wood and green corn fodder fastened to the saddle with white rope, grama grass and hay are put into gunny sacks, fruits, apricots, apples, pears, peaches, melons and grapes are brought in great abundance from the Rio Grande in little boxes made for the purpose with round sticks. Lumber, poles, etc., are carried by fastening one end to the pack saddle on either side of the burros, the other ends on the ground. All these things and many more the faithful little donkey does, and the natives could no more get along without them than you without the horse.

It was Nathaniel Hawthorne, I think, who was attracted by the sign "To be seen here, a Virtuoso's Collection." The strange sights that met his gaze I do not propose to record, but wish to call attention to the fact that he expresses no doubt of the genuineness and authenticity of the strange animals he saw until he came to the donkey rode and cudgeled by the ancient prophet Balaam. Of this he wisely said, "Some doubts were entertained as to the authenticity of this beast." If Mr. Hawthorne were here I doubt would become certain, for I can prove an alibi for that old donkey. I saw him on the streets here last week. He still talks, though from his great age I suppose, his voice is harsh, ed with all none of those dulcet, lute-like tones peculiar to the youth of the species. I pulled a handful of graza grass from a gunny bag on the back of another donkey standing near and gave him to eat. He was very thankful and considered me his friend, and as such requested me to inform the virtuoso he had been deceived, and to prevent such mistakes in future, he gave it as his opinion, judging the future by the past, that many generations would come and go before his stomach would be stuffed, much less his skin.

The figure 8 at the head of this page, admonishes me that my communications are becoming prolix, without having said half I desired and intended, but will weary your patience no farther this time, than to relate the incidents of a trip made a few weeks since to the Cerrillos mines, and as far south as Gallesteo creek some twenty-five miles south of Santa Fe, returning by a different route from that I went, and after ascending quite a hill a few miles from the creek, I involuntarily stopped my team, being charmed by the beautiful picture and surrounded by a low, rounded, conical, perpendicular wall twenty-five feet high, and projecting from this wall were trunks and limbs of large trees, much larger than any now growing in the country, petrified, the petrifications being flint stone, as I believe most petrifications are. Please ask my geological friend Col. R. S. R. to rise and explain how those trees got in that wall, always bearing in mind the sand stone below, around and above the petrifications is the same. Twenty yards away on the opposite side of the road a similar outcropping of white sand stone appears, and beyond is a ridge or mountain of red sand stone, whether the old red sand stone is geologically or the Seneca strata I am not geologist enough to say. I wandered some two hours about the place, picked up some pieces of crockery

made by the Indians, nobody knows how many hundred years ago, and thought I was the first to explore the beauties of the place, but I was soon undeceived, for in front of me lay the evidence of American civilization in the shape of one of Anheuser's beer bottles. Then like Solomon, I thought there was nothing new under the sun, and no place you can go but some enterprising Yankee has been there before you. Very truly, yours, JOHN C. DAVIS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan is recovering. Mr. Theodore Hennig will locate at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Tom Karl is making a fine success with the Emma Abbot Company.

"Lurline" was selected for performance, for the benefit of Prof. Abel, of Detroit.

The Young Men's Association, of Detroit, are to bring out "The Bohemian Girl."

Clara Morris will appear in the "Royal Favorite" on Oct. 6th at the new Brooklyn Theatre.

Gorman's Church Choir Pinafore company opened their season at Wilmington, Del., on the 29th inst.

The new American opera "U. S. Buttons," has been brought out at Philadelphia with fine success.

A new opera by Planquette, composer of "The Bells of Corneville," is called "The Passing Regiment."

Talmage has been artistically a failure, peculiarly a success, in London.—Truth. This is a dramatic item.

"Gulliver's Travels," dear to all children and not a few elders, is to be done into pantomime this Christmas in London.

Mr. N. J. Stabler, formerly of this city, has returned from his southern concert tour, and is now with his parents at Newcastle, Ind.

The new comic opera, "The Electric Light," is to be brought out at the Boston Museum. It has made a fair success in Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

An exchange says, Uncle Tom, under the guidance of Archbishop Nixon and Cardinal North, will begin his travels this week through the Northwest. High sounding titles indeed.

Mme. Gerster is said to receive this season \$500 a night from her manager. This is a very small sum if we take into consideration that Mapleson depends solely upon her powers of attraction.

Arthur Sullivan returns to London, to resume the conductorship of the Covent Garden concerts. He will attend the Hereford Festival, and conduct his oratorio, "The Light of the World."

The "Harmonia" society of Indianapolis are studying Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." The "Haydn" society are studying the "Creation," and Thomas Anderson's "Wreck of Hercules."

The Solfeggio melody from the second act of "Le Petit Duc," has been adopted as one of the sacred hymns at Grace Church. Why not rather "Ding, dong," from "The Cloches de Corneville."

The British are a great people. A London paper has a conundrum: "Does it not seem rather curious to a grown man come forward at a public concert and warble to a thousand people of apparently average sanity, 'My Love She is a Kitten'?"

If with the success of the Abbott English opera company, the production of Max Maretzek's new American opera should be a success, it will go far to bring English opera in this country into a popularity that will exclude the production of French and Italian opera to a great extent.

It is to be hoped for the credit of Fort Wayne musically, that the "Fort Wayne Vocal Society" will decide on some work within their capacity and give it. There is hardly a city of half the size of Fort Wayne from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains which has not at least one prosperous musical society.

The New York Musical Times says: "Miss Abbott, whatever her merits as a vocalist, has unquestionably the art of pleasing the public. Her earnestness and thoroughness are catching, and the sympathy of her audience, once established, is not easily broken, and if it be that the public verdict is the best criticism, then Miss Abbott is undoubtedly a very able artist."

"The Banker's Daughter" has been very successful at Philadelphia as everywhere else. Strange that a play which was looked at hesitatingly and adopted as a last resource, should have taken the whole country. It is so true that managers can only guess at results; there is no assurance as to what will really strike or hold the public, who will always go as they please.

Checked in Their Advance.

By the speedy action of Hostetter's Bitters, dyspepsia, nervous indigestion, constipation and bilious complaints cease to harass the invalid. That they will instantly give ground is not pretended, but no medical fact is more certain or better established than the fact that Hostetter's Bitters, when taken, entirely succumb to the influence of the medicine, and the patient is cured. It is given a fair trial, their total, if not instant, relief is certain to ensue. Ladies in delicate health, and who are afflicted with indigestion, nervousness, and as the stomach is aided by its action, a gain in flesh will follow. Hostetter's Bitters is a healthy and refreshing tonic, and a powerful and permanent tonic for the system. The emphysema recommendation of physicians confirm the verdict in its favor.

"Laugh and Grow Fat."

This ancient bit of advice is well enough for "spare" people, but how about those that are already too fat? What is to be done of them? Sit still, and I'll tell you. After many experiments, extending over months of patient investigation and trial, the celebrated analytical chemist, J. C. Allen, has perfected and given to the world Allen's Anti-Fat. This has in several hundred cases this great remedy has never failed to reduce a corpulent person from three to six pounds per week. It is perfectly harmless and positively efficient. Sold by druggists.

INTERNATIONAL PEDESTRIANS.

What the Men Get-Total Receipts and How Divided—What They Go Through—The Phenomena of Sleep—Ridiculous Pains and Mental Aches. [New York Sun.]

The total receipts of the walk were given by Mr. Kuntz last evening, an hour after the building had been cleared, as approximating \$73,928. He said that an accurate count would not be likely to change the result \$50 either way. Of the total amount the lessees receive one-fourth, or nearly \$18,500, leaving a little over \$55,000 for the walkers and for some expenses incurred outside of the lessees' schedule of expenses—such as the pay of scorers, other attendants furnished, and preparations in the garden. Mr. Hess declined last evening to make any estimate of the sum of these "incidental expenses" that must be paid before the division of the net proceeds is made among the contestants. It is thought that \$5,400 is a liberal allowance for purposes of a rough estimate. There would then remain \$50,000 to be divided among the men who covered 450 miles. The agreement made provision for a division of proceeds, if six men or less number completed 450 miles, and it said that if more than six men walked that distance the winner would receive one-half, and the others "a proportion according to their distance, as may be decided by Sir John Astley." If six men made 450 miles, the second 20 percent, the third 12 percent, the fourth 8 percent, the fifth 6 percent, and the sixth 4 percent. Assuming that the division will be made in nearly the same ratio between the eight men who walked 450 miles or more, the second man will get about 19 percent, the third 11 percent, the fourth 7 percent, the fifth 5 percent, the sixth 3 percent, the seventh 2 percent, and the eighth 1 percent. This arrangement would make the winnings of the men nearly as follows:

Rowell.....\$25,000 Guyon.....\$ 2,750 Merritt..... 9,500 Weston..... 1,750 Hazard..... 3,750 Ennis..... 1,900 Hart..... 375 Krohne..... 500

WHAT SLEEP BRINGS.

Nine cots, with excelsior mattresses, are standing beneath the tents at the side of the track. Weston and Rowell sleep in rooms at the eastern end of the garden. Guyon rests in the Putnam House, near the Fourth Avenue entrance. All the other walkers sleep in their tents. The hours of unconsciousness are few. Up to midnight Merritt had only slept seven hours since the opening of the tournament. They can hardly be called hours of rest. The weary pedestrian is sponged or has a bath. He pitches in his cot. He is wrapped in his blankets. The lights in his tent are extinguished. He closes his eyes and enters a world of phantoms.

The cheers of the crowd, the music of the band, the clapping of hands, the murmur as of a vast hive of bees, and the tread of many feet fit through his sleep. His body is racked with pain. There is an appalling heat in his feet. His temples throb. The blood becomes stagnant and frequently nightmare follows. The dreamer is still on the track. He sees his competitors passing him one by one and is unable to increase his own speed. O'Leary says that during his walk in London for the belt he never went to sleep without the shadow of Vaughn before him. It would follow him around a phantom track with looks of exaltation in his eyes. At times he would be in his way. It would stand facing him at the curves, making grimaces and contortions. Up the moment of waking Vaughn's shadow never left his sleep.

Guyon has a similar experience. On Wednesday night he slept the sleep of the damned. The pain in his feet was so intense that it turned his stomach. Weston was not over him. When he turned in Merritt passed him and taken second place. Weston was doing splendid work, and rapidly overhauling him. A ghostly Weston was pursuing him in his dreams. Which ever way he turned Weston was at his heels. Nor was Weston the only phantom. The dials assumed the faces of other contestants and taunted him as he passed. A spirit of Krohne fifty feet high was walking after him. Although he was in the Putnam House, he seemed to be out of sight of the garden, he heard the murmur of the crowd, the roar of brass instruments, the tread of a thousand feet, and peals of laughter. When he awoke toward morning he found a tumbler beneath his pillow. The pillow was drenched. He was unable to account for it until he remembered that in his dreams he had a spirited contest with Weston. Every nerve had been strained to hold his own, but the champion gained upon him. At the critical moment the dreamer recuperated and was able to prevent the champion from passing him and taking third place. Then he was seized with a terrible thirst. He turned into a phantom tent and saw the apparition of Jim Smith, the trainer. Seizing the glass of water, he tried to swallow the liquid. To his horror it would not go down his throat, but ran out of his mouth over his chin, and drenched his night shirt. Rushing from the phantom tent, he saw Weston's ghost sweeping around the track with a look of joy. The dreamer awoke in a cold sweat, and taking third place. Then he was seized with a terrible thirst. He turned into a phantom tent and saw the apparition of Jim Smith, the trainer. Seizing the glass of water, he tried to swallow the liquid. To his horror it would not go down his throat, but ran out of his mouth over his chin, and drenched his night shirt. 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Root & Company

We have left to announce that we have now in stock the most elegant line of

Fall Dress Goods

That we have ever before displayed. Our NOVELTIES are now in design and colorings and are simply exquisite. So one of the new effects this season are more beautiful than any that have been before produced. Besides an unusually fine variety of

COLORED SILKS

In all the desirable shades, we have a line of elegant

Colored Brocades

For Polonaises, etc., the like of which have never before appeared in this market.

PLAIN BLACK SILKS

In all the best known foreign and domestic brands. In this line we have several special bargains, among which will be found heavy Gros Grain Silk. Eleven inch wide 75c. Eleven inch wide 80c. Twelve inch wide 90c. Most excellent goods for the money.

TRIMMINGS

Consisting in part of all the fashionable shades of Plain, Stripe and Fancy Velvets, Black and Colored Silks and Satins, Pekin Satin Stripes, etc., etc. We have also new, elegant and tasteful goods in this line not to be found elsewhere.

FRANCES

Will be found unusually large and exceedingly elegant.

"Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?"

Is no longer an open question. Every one now knows that Root & Company have the best of the button. It is a fact and a fact is a fact. Our assortment is really an astonishing limit.

New Garments in Black and Colors

In all the fashionable shapes.

ROOT & COMPANY,

Calhoun Street.

THE CITY.

Apple-butter is ripe.

Charlie Young is hot.

Hay is worth \$8 per ton.

E. K. Dorr is in the city.

Hon. M. O. Senseny is in the city.

The market collection this morning was \$8.10.

Market Master Schram has returned from Toledo.

Trustee Gloyd, of Perry township, is in the city.

The trial of Haskell attracts considerable attention.

The SENTINEL's circulation is now over 4,000 daily.

There was a fine attendance at market this morning.

There is a big rush for seats for Fanny Davenport.

The City Band had a full dress rehearsal last night.

Golden & Monahan are moving into their new store.

B. W. Quinn, of Decatur, was in town last evening.

The matinee at the Academy this afternoon was well attended.

Antonia and Truly Hatch, of Huntington, are visiting friends here.

A large number of people are in town to-day; almost like a circus day.

The young man killed at Monroeville was named Lawyer instead of Sawyer.

The Auburn Courier is wicked enough to say that our fair was a "fizzle" and a "snide."

John Harrington has on exhibition at the city clerk's office, a wooden model of a water works pump of his own construction.

A little racket between a butcher and a vegetable vendor occurred on the market place this morning. There was no blood spilled.

A party of colored people assembled at the Barr street barber shop the other evening and had a grand Old Virginia "walk around" and musical jubilee.

Aaron Richey's residence at Academie burned down Thursday while the family were absent. Loss, \$2,000; no insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown.

In the list of presents at the Denoy-Wood wedding yesterday an elegant set of napkin rings was omitted. They were presented by Mrs. M. A. Grout and daughter Estella.

The Toledo delegation has returned. Dick Fowler has returned from Toledo.

A. L. Griebel, of the Staats-Zeitung, is in St. Louis.

The firemen are washing their hose to-day, not socks.

Rose Goodall is billed for the Olympic next week.

Hon. A. P. Edgerton left for Hicksville this afternoon.

Hon. J. L. Williams returned from Indianapolis yesterday.

Frank Gray, representing Fanny Davenport, is at the Aveline.

At Columbia City yesterday Belmont Prince distanced Draker's bay mare.

A. J. Smith, of Lake township, to-day treated the SENTINEL office to some very fine apples of the Talpa-hucken variety, grown on his farm.

Chas. J. Young was fined in two cases yesterday before Mayor Zollinger for assault and battery on Charles Bailey. The case has been appealed to the criminal court.

Henry Horstman, a boy living on Hanna street, fell down the stair banisters this morning and broke the clavicle. Dr. Rosenthal is attending him. He will recover.

Jas. Somers, ex-Councilman Downey, James Fox and Tom Hutchinson have signified their intention of visiting Ireland next spring. They will kiss the blarney stone.

Clerk Spencer and Sam Morris had a wrestle this morning, in which two rounds were thrown, resulting in a tie. The deciding round will be thrown one week from to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin H. Miller, Mr. Parker, Gun and Fishard, leave for Lake Robinson, near Larwill, Ind., to-day. They will be the guests of Wm. C. Taylor, son of John Taylor, of this city.

Among the arrivals at Cincinnati hotels Thursday were the following from this city: J. N. McKay, W. H. Current, Chas. Auger and wife, T. M. Biddle, Alice Woodworth, J. C. Woodworth and wife, A. C. Brigham, O. O. Danner, D. D. Gillett, W. W. Worthington.

A Mrs. Jackson, of St. Joseph, Mo., was in the city to-day en route to that place from Philadelphia and seeking assistance to enable her to proceed home. She stated that her husband died eight years ago leaving her about \$6,000 worth of property, which the lawyers swindled her out of. She has four children, all of them invalids. She seemed to be a very worthy woman and deserving of help.

Among those registered at Toledo at the prisoners' reunion, who have not been mentioned heretofore, are the following from here and this vicinity: David Laman, Decatur, McLaughlin's squadron; B. F. Dill, Decatur, 8th Indiana cavalry; Wm. Quartz, Monroeville, 57th O. V. I. W. H. Schoock, Decatur, 97th O. V. I.; J. A. Provines, Spencerville, Ind., 80th Indiana; John Hobough, Spencerville, battery G, 1st West Virginia artillery; C. A. Smith, Fort Wayne, corporal, Co. B, 37th Indiana; S. L. Lewis, Fort Wayne, private, Co. B, 30th Indiana.

THE RAILROADS.

The Wabash is about to build 600 new cars in its shops at Toledo.

Toledo Commercial: But little is heard now of changes in the Wabash management. Nothing is heard of the removal of the Wabash office to St. Louis.

In conversation with a prominent Wabash railroad official to-day, he stated that the supposed change in the management of the Wabash was all a matter of newspaper conjecture. There has been nothing official stated yet in the company's circular.

If John C. Ganit does assume the management, it will make no material change in the local government. The probability then will be that A. L. Hopkins will go to New York as vice president of the road, but in reality as managing president. But it is yet undecided. The New York managers have as yet issued nothing definite, and at any rate the anticipated great change will not take place.

Before the Mayor.

Andrew Van Allen and his brother's wife, living across the feeder, had a little altercation last night, concerning the possession of a stove and some bed clothing belonging to Mrs. Van Allen, but which her brother-in-law was holding as surety for board money which he claimed she owed him.

In course of the quarrel he struck her and she had him arrested. He was taken before the mayor this morning and fined \$1 and costs. The fine was suspended upon his agreeing to return her property which she claimed as her own.

Mr. Van Allen has never been arrested before and bears a very good character.

Teachers Licensed.

The following teachers have been licensed by Supt. Hillegass:

Lida P. Embury, Virginia Embury, A. W. King, D. A. Gorman, W. G. Alexander, R. D. Wharton, Thomas Caldwell, J. R. McComb, James F. Fulton, Jacob W. Honder, Owen W. Heaton, Prof. O. Z. Hubbell, Anna F. Puffer, Lydia Beams, H. A. Chubb, Josephine B. Howe, Mrs. L. A. Mayberry, G. P. Kibbe, Chas. Bechtel, Anna Timmerman.

Of the above, 5 received A grade, 5 B grade, 9 C grade, and 1 D grade. Total number examined, 35.

Marriage Licenses.

William Miller and Abbie R. Siebert, Nelson C. Hippenhamer and Mrs. Helen Kane.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Clinton Cothrell Badly Injured at Olds' Spoke Factory.

Probabilities that His Wounds Will Prove Fatal.

A serious accident occurred at the Olds' spoke factory at about 2 o'clock this morning, whereby Clinton Cothrell, living at 58 Nelson street, was seriously injured.

A large shaft, about three inches in diameter, and weighing about 700 pounds, was broken there yesterday morning. It was taken to the shops for repairs, and should have been done at 9 o'clock last night, instead of which it was not finished until 2 o'clock this morning.

The shaft was being raised in position to place it on the hanger and was being hoisted by means of a rope and pulley. When almost up to the ceiling the rope gave way. Mr. Cothrell saw the rope parting, and knowing his danger sprang back. He was standing directly in front of a post which he did not notice, and in springing back this threw him forward, and before he could recover himself he was struck by the shaft about the hips and landed back against the post. It will be understood that the shaft did not fall directly on him or he would in all probability have been killed, but while the rope on one end parted the other end was still suspended which gave the shaft an oblique swinging motion. Upon striking him, however, the shaft fell to the floor.

About an hour was consumed before a hack could be procured, which on its arrival conveyed him to his home.

His injuries were found to be quite serious, and mostly internal, his abdomen being swelled to a frightful degree.

He is the sole support of his father, mother and sister, but is unmarried himself. It is thought hardly probable that his injuries are fatal, although the full extent of them is not known, as he has been under the influence of opiates almost ever since the accident, this course being absolutely necessary owing to the intense pain which he was suffering.

Two other employees were also hurt at the same time. A man named Lousberry had his foot badly hurt, and another named Studley was severely bruised on the arm.

THOSE FORGERIES.

John P. Shoaff Brings the Would-Be Swindler to Time.

Where is the Law About Compounding a Felony?

A full account of the operations of a swindler who sold certain notes to John P. Shoaff amounting to over \$300, was given in the SENTINEL a few days ago. Developments were anxiously looked for, but they didn't come, as the parties concerned were very quiet about the matter. A SENTINEL reporter accidentally learned this morning that the matter had been adjusted without the interference of the officers of the law. Wash Dutton, of Huntington, on hearing of the sale of the notes and knowing them to be forgeries, at once went to John P. Shoaff and advised him of the circumstances. Mr. Shoaff had barely time to catch the 1 o'clock train down on the Jackson road. He arrived in this city and almost the first person he met was the man who had sold him the notes. He at once collared him and told him that he knew the notes to be forgeries, and that unless he made immediate restitution he should have him arrested and sent to the penitentiary if it cost him more than the notes were worth. The swindler, evidently not relishing a trip to Michigan City, paid back all the money excepting \$60, which he had spent. For that amount he gave what was to Mr. Shoaff satisfactory security, being a first mortgage on land in Iowa; whereupon Mr. Shoaff allowed him to depart in peace—doubtless to practice his nefarious game on some one else. Mr. Shoaff should have gently escorted the "hy" young man and left him to the tender mercies of Sheriff Munson and Pros. Atty. Hensch.

Julia Ward Weaver Speaks.

Julia Ward Weaver writes a communication to the SENTINEL in reply to an appeal for help on our issue of the 29th ult., signed by the Rev. Robert McDaniel, pastor of the A. M. E. Church. She says that the debt of the church was only \$122, instead of \$170, as the Rev. McDaniel makes it; she also charges that she boarded McDaniel and took care of his blind wife, and he never paid her, and when the case was sued he put in an offset.

Julia advises our people, when McDaniel begs of them, to ask him if he has paid her yet. She wants to know what kind of Christianity this is, and says that for whisky drinkers, liars, back-biters, tattlers and "cover-ups," the A. M. E. Church is a success.

Nine vs. Twenty-Two.

The Gazette has employed a total of nine, to serve the large number of new subscribers which are being constantly added to the list.

Big thing—for the Gazette. The SENTINEL is delivered in the city every evening by twenty-two carriers. Mark the difference.

Card of Thanks.

To the Editor of the SENTINEL: Fort Wayne, Oct. 2, 1879.—Thence proceeds of the tables at the fair grounds, for the benefit of the Home for the Friendless, were \$66.31, and about \$11 worth of provisions donated for the use of the Home. The board of managers desire to thank all who assisted them in this work. In order

to correct a wrong impression, we would state that no person is admitted to the Home a second time for the same offense, and in all cases where persons are capable and so situated as to care for their offspring, we desire and encourage them to do so. By order of the president.

A CANARD.

One of the "Gazette's" Sensations Completely Exploded.

Judge Zollars's Boy Safe at Home.

The Gazette of this morning printed a highly sensational article regarding the sudden disappearance of Hon. Allen Zollars' son, aged eleven years. The article, as far as the main facts concerned, is manufactured out of whole cloth, and is very unjust alike to the boy and to Judge Zollars' family. With the exception that Judge Zollars is not troubled about his boy, that the boy has not been away from home for six consecutive hours for a long time; that he did not think he had followed the example of Dr. Steimen's boy and got off on a tramp; that he did not telegraph to Upper Sandusky; that the police have never been looking for the boy, but that the boy was in bed when the article referred to was written, the statement in the Gazette is partly correct.

The facts are simply that the boy had been in the habit of riding out to the junction on freight trains, and his parents, considering that his life was endangered thereby, reproved him.

Last Thursday the judge, learning that his son was not in school in the afternoon, went down to the depot to inquire for him. He learned that the boy had got on the east bound train with a neighbor boy. He accordingly telegraphed to the conductor of the train that if the boy was on the train he should take charge of him and send him back.

The boy rode out a few miles and returned of his own accord. He was met at the depot by his father and taken home, having been away from about 1 o'clock to 6 p. m., on Thursday, since which time he has been at home.

Judge Zollars naturally felt very indignant at the article in the Gazette, as a few minutes investigation on the part of the editor would have evolved the facts.

Whitley County Fair.

The fair at Columbia City this week is a grand success. The attendance on Friday was about 5,000. The exhibit in all departments is first-class, and the receipts are large. On Friday a farmer's team ran away on the grounds, throwing him out and injuring him quite severely.

The races Friday were not as exciting as expected, owing to the fact that the horse Belmont Prince distanced John Drake's b. m. Mollie, Polk's b. g. Frank Forester, Hugh McCann's s. g. Sorrel Ned, and Peter's bl. m. Black Boss. Time, 2:32.

Metecological.

Washington, Oct. 4.—Indications: For the Ohio valley, clear or partly cloudy weather, with a tendency to cooler weather, lower barometer. For the lower lake region, clear weather, followed by increasing cloudiness, warmer southerly winds and lower barometer.

News from Memphis.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Jan. 9, 1879. During the late epidemic of yellow fever in this city, I received a lot of Rhen's Natural Mineral Water, and I must say that I was more pleased with it, than with any other water of similar character. I HAVE SAVED CASES.

G. E. THORNTON, M. D.

In cases of fever the Rhen's Natural Mineral Water has always been accompanied with perfect success. For sale by the leading druggists.

Do You Believe It?

That in this town there are scores of persons passing our store every day whose lives are made miserable by indigestion, dyspepsia, flatulency, and biliousness, liver complaint, constipation, etc., when for 75 cents we will sell them Siphon's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dreier & Bro.

CITY FEATURES.

Where to Borrow Money.

Those who desire to borrow money should do so where they can pay a portion of the principal at any time, and thereby stop interest, and also make arrangements, that in case of death the debt shall be completed and not left to sell out the home from the wife and children. This system of paying commission should be avoided.

All this can be accomplished by applying to H. C. Schuler, 22 West Perry street, Fort Wayne, whom we can recommend as responsible and reliable in his transactions.

Go to J. G. Fiedlerman for your fall suits.

Geo. Wood's Organs.

These paragon of beauty and artistic workmanship are not equalled by any other organ now before the public. C. L. Hill is agent for them and in conversation with our reporter to-day stated that the sales of these organs were immense and increasing rapidly. We would respectfully ask our readers to call at Mr. Hill's store and examine these beautiful organs. They are certainly worthy of admiration.

J. G. Thieme & Bro. carry the finest stock of gent's furnishing goods in the city.

I have used one package of Dr. Prentiss's New Medical Compound, and I found it just the medicine I wanted, for it invigorates the liver and kidneys, and gives life to the whole system. Try it and be convinced as I was. Yours,

Fort Wayne, Ind., Sept. 27, 1879.

For your Tooth Brushes and Combs, go to P. J. Torney & Co's.

J. G. Fiedlerman keeps the boss line of fall and winter suitings.

Stores.

The rush still keeps up at Ash's for Garland and Astral Base Burners. He has already sold two car loads, and has one more coming in. Mr. Ash says he has more trouble to get the stores than he has to sell them.

The manufacturers of both these celebrated Base Burners write him that they are very much belated with orders but will do the best they can to keep him supplied.

You should secure one of these stores if you want the best that is made. He has the greatest variety of coal and wood ranges, as well as other kinds of base burners, with prices ranging from ten (\$10) to fifty (\$50). His store is open every evening until 9 o'clock.

Stauffer & Harding have opened a merchant tailoring establishment at 123 Calhoun street.

The new gun store, 24 West Main street, is doing a rousing business. Those Colt new model guns sell like hot cakes.

The Arion Society will give a hop at their hall on Thursday evening, October 9th.

Rare Bargains.

Two pairs French one-half hose, 25c. One boy's winter cap 30c. Nobby hats 60c. Heavy lined jeans pants \$1. Our scarlet underwear.

A. S. LAUFERTY & Co. C. O. D.

If you want to sell or exchange your property secure the services of Isaac d'Isay.

Sugar cured hams down to. New cured choice hams 9c. per pound. Pickled Pork 5c. per pound. Sides 7c. per pound.

FRUIT-HOUSE.

Go to J. G. Thieme & Bro. for your fine clothing.

82 to Cincinnati and return via MUNCIE ROAD. Tickets good going from Oct. 2nd to 11th, and good to return until October 18th.

Children's Merino Underwear at 15 cents at Mergentheim & Co's Bazaar.

J. G. Fiedlerman has the patterns and prices of goods in his show window.

Crawford Peaches down 10c per basket. Choice fruit, Baskets 40c. Jersey Sweet Potatoes, 35c peck. FRUIT HOUSE.

For CORSETS, Embroideries, PANIERS, Laces, Kid Gloves, GERMANTOWN YARNS, Real Bergamot's Zephyrs, BUCHINGES, Corsets, Fancy Goods, Etc., go to Bond's Novelty Store.

Call and examine J. G. Fiedlerman's fine stock.

Go to Mergentheim & Co's Bazaar and get a pair of their fine Alexander kid gloves at the low price of 95 cents a pair. Every pair warranted. The cheapest and best kid gloves ever offered here.

J. G. Thieme & Bro. have a magnificent stock of gent's fine furnishing goods.

If you want any kind of real estate, farms, houses, lots or store buildings, call on Isaac d'Isay. He has more property to offer than any other real estate dealer in northern Indiana, and is making many sales and exchanges. Office, 62 Calhoun street.

NEW STOCK

—OF—

MEN'S, YOUTHS', BOYS', AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

Ever brought to Fort Wayne, from the finest Broadcloth, Diagonal and Fancy Suiting to the cheapest working suits.

OWEN, PIXLEY & CO.,

15 & 17 Court Street, Near the Postoffice.

GREAT REDUCTION!

On Guns, Rifles, Ammunition, and on every article kept in the fine Sportsman's Emporium of

MAX G. LADE. Established 1855, 58 East Main street, second door east of Geo. Strodel's saloon.

The largest stock and finest assortment of general sporting goods.

First-class Sportsman's Emporium, 58 East Main street.

The very lowest prices of hunting outfit in the city at

MAX G. LADE. No. 1 Sportsman's Headquarters.

All sporting goods retailed at wholesale prices at the old and reliable Sportsman's Emporium of

MAX G. LADE. 58 East Main street, second door east of Geo. Strodel's saloon.

New goods received daily at

MAX G. LADE'S. Well-known Sportsman's Emporium. 58 East Main street.

TWO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne, at the office of the street commissioner

Tuesday, the 14th day of October, 1879, for furnishing the team work for grading Broadway, from Nidlinger avenue to Taylor street.

By order of the common council: D. O'BRIEN, Street Commissioner.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 4, 1879. (State-Zeitung copy.)

The finest Toilet Soaps in Fort Wayne at P. J. Torney & Co's. 10,1

82.00 to Cincinnati and return via MUNCIE ROAD. Tickets good going from Oct. 2nd to 11th, and good to return until October 18th.

The finest stock of Imported, Key West and Domestic Cigars in the city at P. J. Torney & Co's. 10,1

82.00 to Cincinnati and return via MUNCIE ROAD. Tickets good going from Oct. 2nd to 11th, and good to return until Oct. 18th.

Do not buy or exchange property until you have seen what Isaac d'Isay can offer you.

For your fine suits go to J. G. Fiedlerman.

AMMUNITION PRICE LIST

OF MAX G. LADE, 58 East Main Street. No. 1 sporting powder 25c per lb. New York shot, 7c per lb. New York shot, 20c for 3 lbs. Eley Bros' wads 18c a box. " " caps, 7c a box. " " 20c for 3 boxes. Goldmark's G. D. caps, 4c a box. Great reduction on every article

